

SILVERSTEIN v. FEDERAL BUREAU OF PRISONS, et al.  
Civil Action No. 07-cv-02471-PAB-KMT

Exhibit 1

**IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT  
FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLORADO**

Civil Action No. 07-cv-02471-PAB-KMT

THOMAS SILVERSTEIN,

Plaintiff,

v.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF PRISONS, et al.,

Defendants.

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**DECLARATION OF THOMAS SILVERSTEIN**

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I, Thomas Silverstein, pursuant to 28 U.S.C. § 1746, declare under penalty of perjury as follows:

1. I have been held in solitary confinement for the past 10,220 days, which is 336 months, or 28 years. I am 59 years old and have spent almost half of my life in solitary confinement.
2. The purpose of this declaration is primarily to describe my experience during this lengthy period of solitary confinement: the nature and impact of the harsh conditions I have endured in spite of a spotless conduct record for over 22 years, and my lack of knowledge about what, if anything, I can do to lessen my isolation.
3. Nevertheless, I feel it would be disrespectful to say anything about my conditions of confinement without beginning with an apology for the actions that brought me here in the first place. An apology for the harm I have done is necessary before anything else can be said.

4. Not a single one of the thousands of days I have been here has gone by where I have not regretted the actions that brought me here.
5. Every day I think back and wish I had not killed Officer Clutts. I know that some people will continue to find this hard to believe, but I want it to be understood that it is not only because of my confinement that I feel this regret. I feel this way because I know what I did was wrong. I have become a person who recognizes and respects the value of the life of another.
6. People can and do change. I know I have. And I have become someone who is deeply sorry for having done such terrible harm to others.
7. I saw the Clutts family once, at my sentencing hearing. Until that moment, I had never thought of Officer Clutts as having a family. As soon as I saw his children, I recognized that I had hurt more people than just Officer Clutts. I wonder about his kids regularly, and hope that they are okay and have been able to start families of their own.
8. I have apologized publicly, via my blog, to Officer Clutts's children. I know his daughter saw my apology because she replied on the blog.
9. Although I apologized, I would never presume to ask for their forgiveness, as what I did to them was unforgivable. But I wish for it just the same. And I wish I could repair the damage that I have done to other peoples' lives.
10. I also regret my actions because they have harmed my own children. They have suffered because their father was not there for them. There is almost nothing as difficult and painful as knowing your children are suffering and knowing that you are the cause. I feel guilty about this every day. And when I feel pain for having not been there for my own children, I know that I

also did this to Officer Clutts's children. I am the reason they, like my own children, grew up without a father, and I am sorry for that.

11. When I look back now, it is hard for me to understand how I made the choices I did. There is no justification for my actions. I wish I could go back and stop myself, though I know this is impossible.

12. I recognize the pain I have caused others, including my own family and children, and in response to that I have worked hard to become a different man. Although I cannot repair the damage I caused, I am committed to non-violence. It is a promise I have made to myself and one that I hope honors those I have hurt. It is a promise I have every intention of keeping.

13. I understand that I deserve to be punished for my actions, and I do not expect ever to be released from prison. My hope is simply to be allowed, like other prisoners, to earn the privileges that are warranted by my consistent good conduct.

14. I do not consider myself to be part of any prison gang, nor do I want to be a part of any prison gang. I just want to serve out the remainder of my time peacefully with other mature guys doing their time.

#### **I. The BOP Has Singled Me Out And Treated Me Differently**

15. Although the BOP suggests that I am irrational to think that they are singling me out, I do not agree. I believe that is what they have been doing, and I can understand why they would do it.

16. I believe I have been treated worse than any prisoner in the BOP. I read in Dr. Haney's report that I am the most isolated prisoner he has ever seen.



17. It sometimes seems that the BOP is trying to test me, to provoke bad behavior so that they can justify their treatment of me. For example, when mentally ill people who scream all night are placed in my unit, it feels like the BOP is trying to see if they can make me break a rule. I tolerate the incessant noise, though, because I don't want to break the rules. I want to earn my way out of solitary.

18. I also believe the BOP has purposely put known informants in cells and recreation areas around me in order to see if they can discover any negative information about me. But there is nothing to know, as I am simply trying to follow the rules.

19. Since I have had clear conduct for decades, I do not know why I would continue to be held in isolation except for the BOP's desire to make me suffer. For decades, year after year, I have tried to demonstrate that I am no longer the man that I was in Marion.

20. I have done – and continue to do – everything I can think of and all that the Bureau has asked to show I have changed and should be given relief from my isolation: I follow the rules; I am respectful and polite; I watch the programs they tell me to see. I have tried in every way I can think of to demonstrate that I have no intentions to ever hurt anyone ever again.

21. In addition to these efforts I have made, there is another reality I hope will be considered. I am quickly becoming an old man. I spend most of my days crocheting items for my family and my legal counsel and working on my artwork.

22. It is hard to reconcile the BOP's description of me as frightening and scary, when the people who see me here know I am a man peering through bifocals trying to count the number of stitches to make an afghan.

23. Although I think the way some officers have treated me is a violation of BOP rules, I understand why they act this way. I imagine it is a way for them to feel loyal to Officer Clutts. Even though it was very painful that no one would talk to me, I understand why people might act that way out of loyalty and also out of anger and fear.

24. I know that some people, including Dr. Bursztajn, have suggested that my good behavior is a ruse; that I have been a model prisoner for 22 years only because I am waiting to have my restrictions lessened so I can lash out violently. They also say that I haven't acted out because I can't – that my conditions are so restrictive that there's nothing I could do. But this is just not true. I could have yelled at or been disrespectful to or spit at the officers. I could have disobeyed an order or withheld my food tray or violated communication rules. I didn't – and don't – do any of these things.

25. It's hard, if not impossible, for me to prove what is actually in my mind and what is not. All I can do is ask that others look to my current behavior and explain that it reflects my intention to never act violently again, ever. I know the consequences – both to myself and others – that will follow. And, more importantly, I know that this is not who I wish to be. My actions for the past 28 years are an expression of who I am and who I wish to be.

26. When they took me from Leavenworth and put me in the van to move me here to the ADX, I thought I might finally be getting out of solitary confinement. I was over fifty years old, and had been incident-free for almost twenty years. During the ride, I imagined myself having a job and being able to have a contact visit with my family.

27. Instead, I was placed in conditions that were worse than those at Leavenworth. At that time, I lost hope of ever getting out of solitary confinement.

28. This lawsuit has given me a little hope that my decades of clear conduct may be recognized.

29. But even now I am not hoping for much. I would like to be able to eat a meal with someone else occasionally. I would like to have a visit with my family that ends in being able hug my daughter goodbye and to shake my son's hand. I know that I have sacrificed most of my rights by virtue of my actions as a much younger man. But I think that these things are not too much to hope for, even in my circumstances.

## **II. Early Years Leading Up To Prison**

30. I was born on February 4, 1952 and grew up in Long Beach, California.

31. My parents separated when I was very young and I was adopted by my step-father.

32. My parents were middle class, but my home was an angry and violent place. It was not a safe place for a child or for anyone else.

33. My mother became verbally abusive and physically violent when she was angry. She lashed out at me often and would hit me with anything she had in her hands at the time, from a belt to a lamp to a rolling pin. Once she threw a kitchen knife at my head. Not only did she hit me and my sister, but my mother also would hit my step-father when she was angry with him.

34. There was constant physical aggression in my home. My mother's lesson was that the only way to be strong was to be violent. She believed this. Once, after I was beaten up by another kid, my mother told me that if I didn't stand up and fight for myself the next time this happened, she would take the belt to me herself when I got home.

35. I was miserable at home, and also very confused. I began to run away. Eventually, these runaways ended up with me being placed in juvenile offender centers. These too turned out to be dangerous places; full of people who harmed those they thought were weaker than themselves. There, I learned the single most important survival skill was to stand up for myself so that people didn't think I was weak and prey upon me.

36. By the time I was nineteen, I had landed in the San Quentin prison on armed robbery charges. When I was released on parole, I fell back into the same behavior.

37. After that, I was soon arrested for a robbery I committed with my biological father and my cousin, Gerald Hoff.

38. I was twenty-three when I was sentenced to fifteen years for that robbery. My share of the proceeds was a few hundred dollars. My life on the outside was over forever.

### **III. Early Incarceration in Leavenworth and Marion Federal Penitentiaries**

39. When I entered San Quentin, the prison system was unstable and there were regular race riots.

40. However, it was not long before I finished my state time and was transferred to federal custody in United States Penitentiary ("USP") Leavenworth.

41. Life inside USP Leavenworth was strictly divided on racial lines. Newcomers had to be careful not to show any weakness, or word would get around that guys could take advantage of you.

42. Because of the violence, I believed it was necessary to align myself with others for my own safety.

43. In November 1980, I was charged with and convicted of the murder of fellow inmate Danny Atwell. I am innocent of this crime, and the conviction was subsequently reversed. *See U.S. v. Silverstein*, 737 F.2d 864 (10th Cir. 1984).
44. At the evidentiary hearing before this case was reversed, the main witness against me – a prisoner who had benefitted greatly from his testimony – admitted that he had lied and recanted his testimony.
45. Unfortunately, this information only came out after I had already been transferred to the Control Unit in USP Marion. The Control Unit in any prison is the most punitive and restrictive part of the prison. This had special meaning in Marion, which was the highest security, most restrictive federal prison at that time.
46. It was known among inmates that Marion was built to replace the old Alcatraz penitentiary. Prisoners from across the country who were hard to house were sent there, and it soon became one of the most violent prisons in the system. Fights, riots, and assaults on prisoners and staff occurred regularly. There was significant conflict between the staff and prisoners at Marion. Even in the Control Unit, it was extremely dangerous. Prisoners were armed with homemade knives, or had access to obtaining weapons at all times.
47. It is hard to explain how it felt to feel afraid that you could be killed essentially at any moment. Even in their individual cells, prisoners were not safe.
48. I feared attacks on my life at all times from both prisoners and staff. The pressure to stand up for myself and not allow others to perceive me as weak was immense. Prisoners continued to be killed, even in the solitary and extreme conditions.

49. In 1982, I was convicted in the death of inmate Robert Chappelle, a murder I was not guilty of.

50. I pled innocent and maintain my innocence to this day. I never knew Chappelle and had never even spoken to him and I had no responsibility for his death. The fact that I was alleged to have been responsible, however, created an additional set of dangers for me at Marion.

51. After the death of Chappelle, the BOP transferred inmate Robert "Cadillac" Smith to Marion. Though I had never before heard of Cadillac Smith, I learned that he had been friends with Chappelle.

52. Soon after his arrival, Cadillac Smith began making it known that he planned to kill me to avenge Chappelle's death. Despite these threats, the BOP housed Cadillac Smith within three cells of me at Marion. Since I hadn't killed Chappelle, I had nothing against Cadillac Smith prior to his arrival but I became very apprehensive about him once these threats began.

53. I am aware that the BOP now claims Cadillac Smith was the leader of a DC gang, but at the time I did not know of this or even of a gang called the DC Blacks. I only learned that the BOP claims that Cadillac Smith was the leader of the "DC Blacks" when I read Pete Earley's book, about ten years after I was housed in Marion.

54. Cadillac Smith attempted to kill me on two separate occasions between December 1981 and September 1982, once with a homemade zip gun that thankfully failed to fire, and a second time with a knife.

55. Even though BOP officials were aware of his attempt to take my life, and put him into the "hole" because of it, the BOP later returned him to my same unit and didn't take any action to make me safe. When he returned, Cadillac Smith continued to tell me and others that he was going to kill me.

56. Believing that Cadillac Smith would not stop until he succeeded in killing me, and seeing that the BOP was not going to take any measures to help protect me, I killed Cadillac Smith on September 27, 1982.

57. Although at the time I believed I was acting in self-defense, I deeply regret my actions. I am very sorry for the pain I have caused the Smith family.

58. After I killed Smith, I lived in constant fear of reprisals. It was in this state of mind, and believing I was in a life-threatening situation, that on October 22, 1983, I killed Officer Clutts.

59. I regret my actions and I am so sorry for the death of Officer Clutts. I am also deeply sorry for the pain I have caused the Clutts family. Even writing this declaration, I feel my words of regret are inadequate to explain the remorse I feel and how much I am sorry for these actions.

#### **IV. USP Atlanta: The Side Pocket Cell**

60. On November 2, 1983, I was transferred, without notice, to USP Atlanta pending my trial.

61. When I arrived at Atlanta, I had no idea what kind of conditions I was going to be held in or how long I was going to be there.

62. Although I did not know it at the time, the director of the BOP, Norman Carlson, issued a memorandum ordering I be imprisoned under "special security measures." These special measures included an order that I be placed under "no human-contact status" indefinitely.
63. The officers took this order seriously. They never spoke to me unless there was no way to avoid it. They spoke only to give me orders. When I spoke to them, they ignored me.
64. I was confined to a special part of the prison known as the "side pocket." The side pocket contained three adjacent cells, one of which was a shower. I was rotated between the cells. Apparently this was for security, though no one else was housed in, or ever came into the side pocket.
65. The side pocket was incredibly isolated. I was deep underground, and there were no windows in the side pocket.
66. The side pocket cells measured approximately six feet by seven feet, almost exactly the size of a standard king mattress. The cell was so small that I could stand in one place and touch both walls simultaneously. The ceiling was so low that I could reach up and touch the hot light fixture.
67. My bed took up the length of the cell, and there was no other furniture at all. There was no desk. There was no chair. There was no place to store clothing or anything at all. I could lie down, I could sit on my bed, or I could stand. When lying down I could easily touch both ends of the cell, one end with my head, the other end with my feet.
68. The walls were solid steel and painted all white.



69. I was permitted to wear underwear, but I was given no other clothing.
70. Shortly after I arrived, the prison staff began construction on the side pocket cell, adding more bars and other security measures to the cell while I was within it.
71. In order not to be burned by sparks and embers while they welded more iron bars across the cell, I had to lie on my bed and cover myself with a sheet.
72. It is hard to describe the horror I experienced during this construction process. As they built new walls around me it felt like I was being buried alive. It was terrifying.
73. During my first year in the side pocket cell I was completely isolated from the outside world and had no way to occupy my time. I was not allowed to have any social visits, telephone privileges, or reading materials except a bible. I was also not allowed to have a television, radio or tape player. I could speak to no one and there was virtually nothing on which to focus my attention.
74. I was not only isolated, but also disoriented in the side pocket. This was exacerbated by the fact that I wasn't allowed to have a wristwatch or a clock. In addition, the bright, artificial lights remained on in the cell constantly, increasing my disorientation and making it difficult to sleep. Not only were they constantly illuminated, but those lights buzzed incessantly. The buzzing noise was maddening, as there often were no other sounds at all. This may sound like a small thing, but it was my entire world.
75. Due to the unchanging bright artificial lights and not having a wristwatch or clock, I couldn't tell if it was day or night. Frequently, I would fall asleep and when I woke up I would not know if I had slept for five minutes or five hours, and would have no idea of what day or time of day it was.

76. I tried to measure the passing of days by counting food trays. Without being able to keep track of time, though, sometimes I thought the officers had left me and were never coming back. I thought they were gone for days, and I was going to starve. It's likely they were only gone for a few hours, but I had no way to know.

77. I was so disoriented in Atlanta that I felt like I was in an episode of the twilight zone. I now know that I was housed there for about four years, but I would have believed it was a decade if that is what I was told. It seemed eternal and endless and immeasurable.

78. Throughout my time in Atlanta, I was never fed a hot meal.

79. There was no air conditioning or heating in the side pocket cells. During the summer, the heat was unbearable. I would pour water on the ground and lay naked on the floor in an attempt to cool myself. The bright lights made the heat worse – it felt like I was in an oven.

80. The only time I was let out of my cell was for outdoor recreation. I was allowed one hour a week of outdoor recreation. I could not see any other inmates or any of the surrounding landscape during outdoor recreation. There was no exercise equipment and nothing to do.

81. I was only allowed one hour of indoor recreation within the side pocket cell, four times a week.

82. My vision deteriorated in the side pocket, I think due to the constant bright lights, or possibly also because of other aspects of this harsh environment. Everything began to appear blurry and I became sensitive to light, which burned my eyes and gave me headaches.

83. Nearly all of the time, the officers refused to speak to me. Despite this, I heard people who I believed to be officers whispering into my vents, telling me they hated me and calling me names.

84. To this day, I am not sure if the officers were doing this to me, or if I was starting to lose it and these were hallucinations.

85. In the side pocket cell, I lost some ability to distinguish what was real. I dreamt I was in prison. When I woke up, I was not sure which was reality and which was a dream.

86. For the first six months, before a camera was installed in the hallway in front of my cell, I was watched by two officers at all times. I found this extremely uncomfortable. It felt like a physical violation to know that these people watched, from close proximity, every little thing I did, even my bodily functions. They would not talk to me, but they talked to each other at all hours. This made me agitated and I couldn't sleep.

87. My correspondence was strictly limited to my immediate family and my attorneys. However, I had fallen out of touch with most of my family, so during this time I only wrote to my sister. I was not allowed paper in my cell, and had to ask for it when I wanted to write. I was limited to five sheets each week and given a three-inch pencil for my correspondence.

88. Before being transferred to Marion, when I was at Leavenworth, I had become interested in art and I had taught myself to draw. I used art to express myself and also to prevent my mind from deteriorating. However, in the side pocket I was prohibited for the entire first year from having any art supplies at all.

89. After the first year in the side pocket, I was gradually allowed basic privileges, including a radio and some art supplies.

90. When I was finally allowed to have art supplies, the relief was enormous. I used the opportunity to order art books and I taught myself to paint. Finally, I had a little something to break up the enduring monotony of my days.

91. When I was allowed to have a radio, I began listening to religious services on Sunday afternoons.

92. During my time in Atlanta, I had no opportunity to discuss my conditions with anyone, and to my knowledge my placement in solitary confinement was never reviewed. This caused me to worry that I would be kept in the side pocket cell forever.

93. I never knew what I could do to make any of my conditions better.

94. During this time, I became very interested in Buddhism and the Buddhist philosophy. I had requested a bible and enrolled in a correspondence bible study course when I first arrived at Atlanta; however, over time, I found a greater sense of connection to the Buddhist teachings on the radio.

95. I had previously practiced yoga when I was at Marion, but in the side-pocket cell my yoga practice became a defining aspect of my life. It took on a spiritual aspect that I had never experienced before. Yoga allowed me to exercise both my body and my mind in spite of being confined in such a tiny cage. It brought me a feeling of peace, at least occasionally.

#### **V. The 1987 Riots at USP Atlanta and My Transfer to USP Leavenworth**

96. In 1987, Cuban inmates at ATL rioted and seized control of the prison, taking prison staff hostage.

97. Because I was isolated in the side-pocket cell, I was unaware of the riot until I heard an unusual noise. I had become accustomed to the familiar sounds of the officers' footsteps and keys clanging, but this was different and much louder.

98. I was initially worried for my own safety when I saw the Cuban inmates enter the side pocket area. However, the inmates did not harm me, but released me from the side pocket cell.

99. I was ecstatic to be out of solitary confinement. I freely roamed the yard and slept outside under the stars for the only time in the last 28 years.

100. The riot lasted seven days, and during that time I was free to move about the prison and interact with other people. I harmed no one.

101. Instead, during the riot I was in contact with several members of the prison staff, and actively protected two staff members from harm.

102. When I saw an elderly correctional officer having a heart attack, I persuaded the other rioters to let him out so he could receive medical attention.

103. I also went out of my way to take care of an officer I knew, bringing him extra food and making sure no one harassed him. This man had made sure that I received all of my food when I was isolated, while items were often missing when the other officers brought my tray. I was glad to be able to show him some kindness in return.

104. I also checked on Lieutenant Howington and made sure he was safe and being treated respectfully. I had always appreciated how Lieutenant Howington used to ask if my cuffs were too tight or painful, when most of the other officers refused to speak to me at all.

105. Although I was unaware of this at the time, I later learned that the FBI and BOP negotiated with the Cuban rioters to turn me over as a gesture of good will.

106. The Cuban inmates drugged me, seized me, and carried me out of the prison. As they were taking me out, I begged them to kill me so that I wouldn't have to return to extreme solitary

confinement. The Cubans ignored my pleas and threw my body over the fence where BOP officials were waiting to take control of me.

107. Once in BOP custody correctional officers cuffed my hands behind my back, shackled my ankles and locked me in a cell. I was not allowed out of my shackles for any reason, even to relieve myself. I was kept in the cell all night and begged the officers to uncuff me so I could use the toilet. The pain of holding my bladder was excruciating. Finally, when I just couldn't hold back any longer and it was clear that I was not going to be let out of the cell or unhandcuffed, I voided in my pants.

108. The next morning I was escorted into a van where I was forced to sit in my own urine on the trip to Kansas. I kept asking the officers if I could use the bathroom, and they just replied that I should "hold it" even though they knew that this wasn't possible. Throughout the trip, I was never allowed to use the restroom and so was forced to urinate on myself again.

109. I felt like an animal being transported. Being forced to wear the handcuffs and void on myself was degrading and extremely painful. When the cuffs were finally removed I had extensive bruising. Two of my toenails fell off, I think from lack of circulation.

## **VI. USP Leavenworth: The Basement Cell**

110. When I finally arrived at the new prison, I learned I was at USP Leavenworth.

111. I was not allowed to wash myself until I was placed in a special cell in the basement.

This happened on December 1, 1987.

112. I thought that maybe, after seeing that I was not violent even when I had the chance during the riot, the BOP would start to lessen my restrictions, but I was wrong. I was crushed when I saw my new cell in the Leavenworth basement.

113. To get to the basement cell, numerous officers in protective armor escorted me down a small elevator to the basement and through an underground tunnel in the 85-year-old building. It felt like going into a dungeon.

114. On the day I arrived at Leavenworth, Associate Warden Smith visited my cell. Smith had been Correctional Officer Clutts' friend. He was now in charge of my confinement. He told me that he was going to do all he could to prevent me from seeing the light of day, and that I deserved everything I was getting.

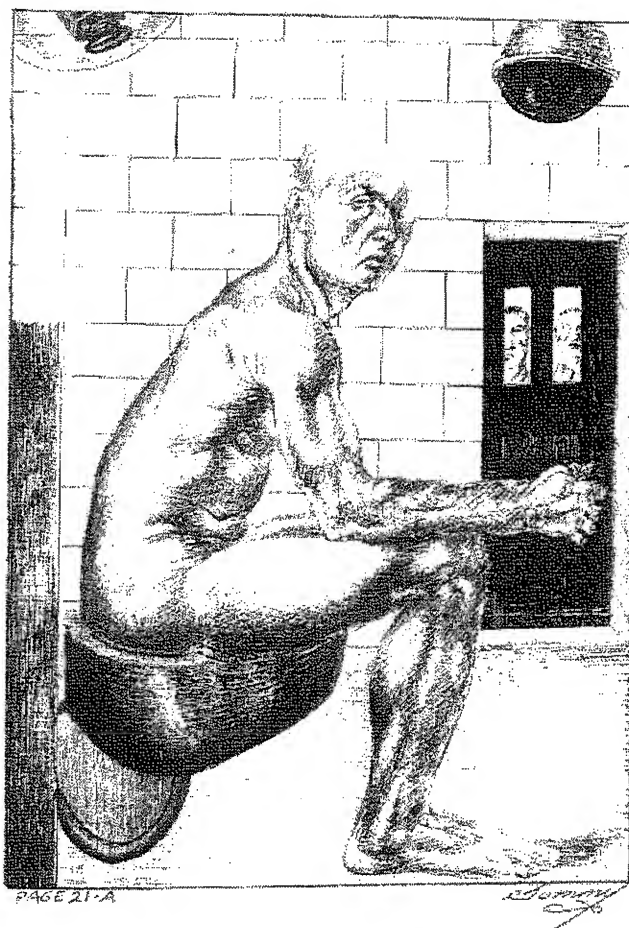
115. Indeed, I didn't see the light of day for a long time. I did not receive any recreation at all for nearly a year at Leavenworth.

116. Instead, prison staff slowly began adding more bars and constructing an adjacent visiting booth and indoor recreation area so that I would never have to leave the basement.

117. The structure of the basement cell itself was similar to the side pocket cell in USP Atlanta. The cell area was approximately 9'0" by 16'0" and contained a bed, desk, a metal sink, shower stall, TV, shower and toilet without a lid.

118. Soon after I arrived, they installed several cameras into the basement. After this, I was kept under camera surveillance twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Knowing that I was constantly being watched, even while using the toilet or taking a shower, was embarrassing and made me extremely anxious.

119. One of the cameras was installed right over the toilet. I have suffered from serious hemorrhoids for as long as I can remember. It was humiliating to know the officers were likely talking about me and mocking me as I tried to blot the blood flowing from my rear. Below is my artistic rendering of the camera's placement in relation to my toilet and how I felt being watched:



120. The cell was brightly lit at all times, and I was told this was in order for the cameras to show a clear picture. Sometimes, the BOP would even put on a spotlight and shine it on me directly, blinding me.



121. There was nothing I could do to stop the light. With the light on all the time, I never slept more than four or five hours. This was made even worse by the fact that there was no window. As in the side pocket, my body could not tell whether it was night or day.

122. Additionally, my vision continued to deteriorate and sometimes I would have hallucinations where the bars on the cell moved, or I saw different shapes.

123. The privileges my good behavior had earned me in USP Atlanta were taken from me in Leavenworth, including my art supplies. In the absence of human contact, my art had become central to my identity. It was almost the only way I knew I was alive, that I existed. No one spoke to me, but I felt that I was able to communicate that I was a living human being by making art. Without it I felt like a part of my soul had been taken from me.

124. I was also not allowed a razor or any means of cutting my hair for six months upon arriving in Leavenworth. When I was finally permitted to use a razor, my beard and hair were so long that it was not of much use, so I didn't bother.

125. I did not have access to a mirror. Only years later, when I asked to see a photo of myself, could I see what I looked like. I didn't recognize the person underneath the overgrown head of hair and unkempt beard.

126. The basement cell completely isolated me from all other inmates. I never saw or heard any sign of any other prisoners. It is hard to convey how strange it is to be this isolated in a prison, to see and hear no sign of other prisoners. Prisons are generally noisy and filled with the sounds of other prisoners. Proximity with others is typically a defining characteristic of prison. Yet in the basement cell, I lived in what seemed a post-apocalyptic solitary state. I felt utterly alone.

127. The basement cell also minimized my contact with staff. The two officers who were outside my cell never directly spoke to me. At the same time – just like in Atlanta – their conversations and blaring music tormented me and kept me up at all hours. Sometimes they would put a phone just outside of my cell and would call it on purpose, so that it would ring and ring for hours just to torment me.

128. I often received fewer than three meals a day, and I ate every meal alone. I was not allowed any recreation privileges and never left my cell.

129. For approximately my first year in the basement I had no hot water and was forced to take cold showers. I only received hot water after LVN staff realized I could not adequately clean my cell. The scum in my shower grew so thick I wrote the word “freedom” in it using my finger. When staff ordered me to wash the word off, I explained that I had no hot water to use for cleaning. Thus, for the purpose of cleaning my “graffiti,” I was finally allowed hot water.

130. At first, I was not permitted any art supplies. I filed grievances about this, which were denied all the way up to a BP-11, the highest level.

131. After a year in the basement cell, my art supplies were finally returned to me. I believe the reason I received them back was because an outsider—the writer Pete Earley – was in the prison and asked the warden why I was not allowed art supplies.

132. Below is the first picture I drew once my art supplies were returned. It shows a man prostrate, depleted and defeated. I think the work speaks for itself.



133. The basement cell was infested with vermin. I often awoke to find rats and cockroaches crawling in my hair and beard. Despite this, I became careful not to injure my fellow basement dwellers because they were my only companions. In addition, because I was learning and studying Buddhism, I began thinking of and valuing life in a different way.

134. I felt like my head was in a constant fog when I was in the basement cell. I was never tired enough to sleep and yet lacked energy to do anything.

135. During my time in the basement I never left my cell. I did not breathe fresh air or glimpse any sunlight.

136. In that whole time, I did not touch another person and no one touched me -- not even the officers, as I was never allowed to leave my cell.

137. I actually began to feel and think of myself like a leper or some other untouchable, as if I were not fit to be around people because I would infect anyone I came into contact with.

138. The only time anyone spoke to me was during occasional rounds made by administrators, religious chaplains, and a monthly visit from the prison psychologist. These interactions typically lasted only a matter of seconds.

139. I received no reviews for the 18 months I was held in the basement cell. On rare occasions when someone would visit my cell, I would ask about what I could do to get out of solitary. They always responded that they were just checking to see that I was receiving meals, recreation, and appropriate programming. I was always told that they had no authority to change the conditions of my confinement and that I needed to speak with the Warden.

## **VI. Leavenworth: “The Silverstein Suite”**

140. After approximately eighteen months in the basement cell, and without notice, I was chained and shackled to a wheelchair and escorted to a new cell. The new cell, previously known as ‘the hole,’ was in the same building as the Leavenworth Special Housing Unit (“SHU”). The officers ironically named this cell the “Silverstein Suite.”

141. Even though I was technically in the SHU, I could not see or hear any other prisoners. The area where I was held was accessed by a separate entrance.

142. Even when I listened at the vent, I could not hear anything. Yet, sometimes pepper “gas” would come through my vents and would burn my eyes and throat. For a long time, I thought the officers sprayed the gas into the vent just to cause me pain. Later, however, I figured out that the gas was coming through when it was used on prisoners in the SHU.

143. In the Silverstein Suite, I remained on “no human contact” status and continued to be isolated.

144. The Silverstein Suite consisted of a cell area, an area devoted to conducting strip searches, and recreation areas (one outdoor and one indoor).

145. The indoor recreation area was also used as a visiting area. The areas were separated by solid steel doors. To move between areas, prison staff would remotely open these to allow me to pass through.

146. The outdoor recreation area was approximately 17’0” by 14’6” and surrounded by 20 foot high concrete walls. The sky above the walls was blocked by a roof built out of two sets of wire bars and mesh. I could see nothing of the surrounding landscape or even the sky from the outdoor recreation area.

147. In the Silverstein Suite I was allowed to exercise one hour a day, five days a week in the outdoor recreation area.

148. Sometimes I was left in the outdoor recreation area for extended periods of time during the winter, in the bitter cold, snow or rain.

149. The indoor recreation area was opposite the outdoor recreation and strip search areas. It was approximately 9'0" by 16'0" and contained a broken stationary bike, a concrete stool, intercom, and a glassed, barred window that looked out into a visiting booth.

150. Two surveillance cameras watched everything I did in the Silverstein Suite, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. I imagined eyes on me all the time. As I moved around the cell, the cameras would make a buzzing noise as they readjusted to see me.

151. Again, it was humiliating to have to go to the bathroom or treat my hemorrhoids knowing the camera was always on me.

152. During my time in the Silverstein Suite I was always alone. I exercised alone and took all my meals alone.

153. Lights remained on twenty-four hours a day seven days a week in the Silverstein Suite.

154. A year or two before I was transferred from Leavenworth to ADX, the prison installed a switch that allowed me to turn off the light in my cell. However, I still could not make it fully dark, as the light in the hall remained on twenty-four hours a day.

155. Initially, I was only allowed one phone call a month; however, my phone privileges increased over time and, by 2001, I was allowed about 300 minutes a month. Below is a drawing I made while I was in the Silverstein Suite that depicts how I made telephone calls:



156. During my time in the Silverstein Suite, prison psychology staff conducted “drive by” visits, pausing only briefly at my cell before moving on. When my psychologist, Dr. Denney,

came to speak it would generally only be for a few minutes and these conversations always happened through a solid steel door. Often he didn't come at all, and I later learned that he conducted his psychological review by watching me on the cameras that constantly filmed me.

157. I often expressed hopelessness and depression to the psychologists. I desperately tried to explain that my poor emotional state grew directly from my solitary confinement.

158. I told Dr. Denney about how I couldn't sleep and how I was losing my memory. I asked him to help me, and I asked him to test me.

159. However, Dr. Denney refused to take any action. He told me my feelings and symptoms were normal for someone in these conditions. But I had the impression that he thought that he would lose his job if he intervened or recommended that I be removed from solitary confinement. He would tell me, "I have a family to feed." Later, when I saw the reports, I discovered he didn't even write down much of what I told him.

160. After numerous failed attempts to get Dr. Denney to help me, I concluded it was pointless to continue so I stopped talking to most of the psychology staff altogether. It was frustrating to express my vulnerability to someone who would not change his response no matter how I was doing.

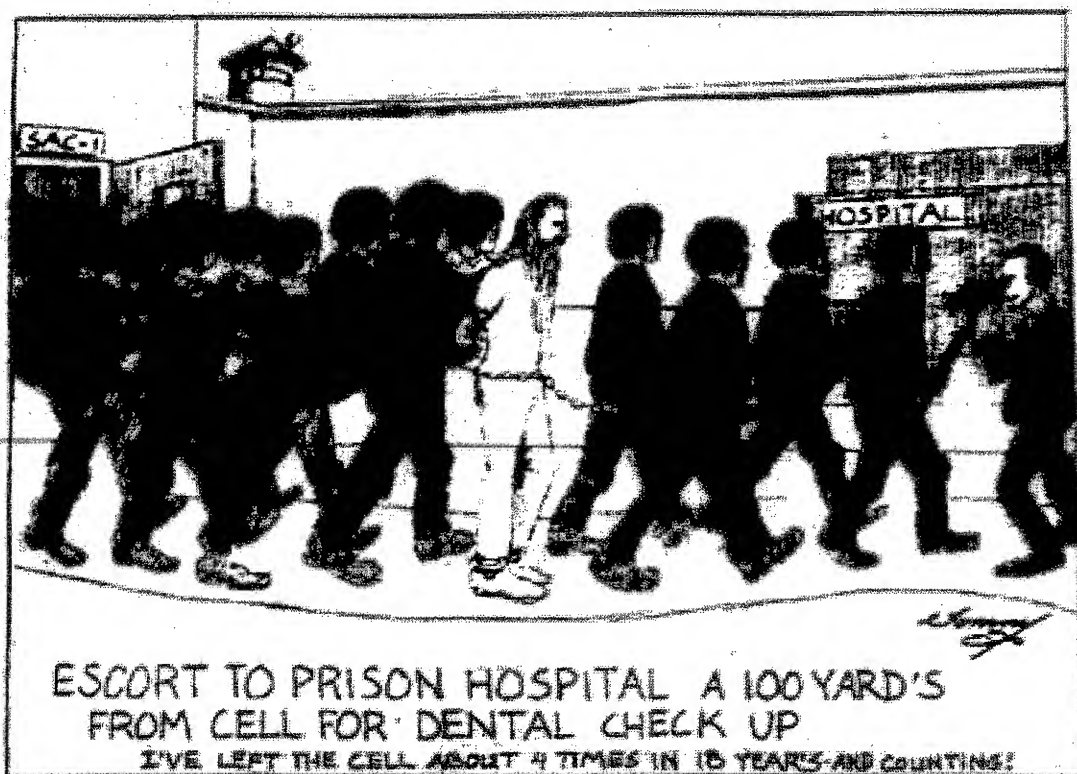
161. On rare occasions, about twice a year, I had reviews with people other than Dr. Denney. I saw Ms. Ashman more frequently, but definitely not more than a few times every couple of months or so. In order to attend these reviews I was chained to a wheelchair and escorted to the meetings, which were held only a few feet from my cell. During these reviews I always inquired about what I needed to do to get out of solitary confinement. In response, Administrators (including the case manager, the region representative, and the warden) informed me that they



were not there to make decisions about my confinement or placement, but simply to see that I was getting meals, recreation, and mail, and discouraged me from continuing to ask questions about my confinement.

162. After many years of these reviews without any change in my conditions, I saw no point in attending, and so I began refusing to attend. At this point, administrators began coming to my cell door to conduct the reviews, which continued to be meaningless for me.

163. During the years I was in the Silverstein Suite, I was almost never taken out of my cell. On the rare occasion that I was taken out, I was escorted by many correctional officers in riot gear. Below is my artistic rendering of my being taken to the prison hospital for a dental checkup:



164. Buddhism and yoga helped me deal with my conditions and simultaneously helped me change as a person. I learned that all I can control is my reactions to what happens, and that no matter how hard I try, I can't control other people. Though I still suffered when the BOP failed to move me to less restrictive conditions year after year despite my good behavior, I tried to control my reactions to this inaction.

165. In addition, practicing yoga helped calm my anxiety and helped me develop a greater sense of inner peace.

166. I spent the next fifteen years in the Silverstein Suite with two short stints back in the basement cell when the Suite needed to be painted or otherwise maintained. This is a picture I drew in 1994, after eleven years in solitary confinement:



## **VII. ADX: Range 13**

167. On July 15, 2005, without any notice or explanation, I was transferred to the Administrative Maximum Penitentiary in Florence, Colorado.

168. No one ever talked to me about transferring to ADX, so I was unaware this was going to happen until the very morning the transfer took place.

169. The day of my transfer, I awoke at five in the morning to a bunch of officers in full protective gear outside my cell. I figured out quickly that this meant I was going to move.

170. I was taken to a van where I was shuffled from one cage to the next. The entire way, I was hoping this transfer meant change for the better. I soon realized it was not.

171. When we arrived at ADX, I was immediately taken to the hospital and x-rayed. I was then hustled through long sterile corridors with floors that gleamed. We passed through door after door, until finally we arrived at Range 13.

172. Range 13 is located on Z Unit, which is part of the SHU at ADX. I continued to be held on "no human contact status" on Range 13, the most restrictive housing unit in the most restrictive federal penitentiary in the country.

173. I would not have thought this was possible, but in Range 13 the conditions were even worse than Leavenworth. My cell was even smaller and I lost many of the privileges that helped me endure the isolation, like art supplies and phone calls.

174. There are four cells on Range 13, and I was rotated between two cells every three months.

175. There was only one other person held on Range 13. After twenty-two years of not being able to speak to another inmate I was excited to have the opportunity to talk to anyone. Even

though we had to shout to each other, and it was difficult to hear what the other person said back, it was still nice to be able to hear your own voice in conversation, and a friendly voice replying.

176. However, the officers ordered us not to talk to each other and even threatened us with a disciplinary report if we did talk.

177. Pretty quickly after my arrival, a solid steel door was built in the hallway to further separate us and prevent us from being able to even shout to each other.

178. In some ways, knowing someone else was nearby, and in similar conditions, made me feel better. Just knowing there was someone else who understood a little bit of what I went through each day made me feel better somehow.

179. The cells on Range 13 were about 8'6" by 10'0"- almost *half* of the size of my cell in Leavenworth. Each contained a cement bed with metal restraint rings, a cement desk, sink, toilet and shower.

180. In one cell, the walls were cement and I had a mirror and a small horizontal window near the ceiling that I could look out of if I stood on my desk. I could only see the concrete barriers of the outdoor workout area. I couldn't even see the sky.

181. In the other cell, the walls were made of steel, and there was no mirror. There was a window; however, I couldn't see out the window because it was covered in mesh that had been painted over, making it difficult even for light to shine in.

182. Even though I could dim my cell light, I could never turn it completely off. In addition, the lights in the sallyports of both cells were on twenty-four hours a day.

183. I was still continuously monitored by video surveillance cameras. Being watched all the time made me feel like I lived in a petri dish, like I'm the bacteria under the BOP's microscope.

184. I used to become extremely apprehensive whenever I heard the officers thrust the grille gate key into the lock to enter Range 13. The noise from unlocking the gate isn't very loud, but I have become extremely sensitive to noises.

185. Many of the privileges that I had been given over time at Leavenworth were denied at ADX. For example, my phone time was decreased from 300 minutes a month to two 15-minute phone calls a month and I was no longer allowed to send art out to many people who I corresponded with by mail. I was not given any explanation for why my limited ability to communicate with people was being further restricted.

186. I was also deprived of all of my art supplies except a pencil and paper. I take my art very seriously and being an artist is what defines me, so it was extremely difficult to find myself suddenly without my art supplies. I felt as if a significant piece of me was missing.

187. In December 2007, after almost two and a half years, a very limited amount of art supplies were returned to me, for which I am very thankful. However, even to this day, I still am limited to only six water colors and am not allowed any other types of paint, which I had access to in Leavenworth.

188. On Range 13, I was allowed to use one of two outdoor recreation areas which were connected to the cells via remote-operated doors.

189. The outdoor recreation area was a concrete pit surrounded by high, featureless walls on all sides. It felt like being inside of a deep, empty swimming pool. I couldn't see any of the mountains, even though I knew they had to be close by. I also couldn't see a single tree, a blade of grass, or any sign of nature. This picture is a true and accurate representation of one of the outdoor recreation areas I used while I was in Range 13:

190. I was also allowed to use an indoor recreation area which was connected to the cells via remote operated doors.

191. I generally received one hour of recreation time, five days a week.

192. The recreation areas were so small that I could walk no more than ten steps in either direction and thirty steps in a circle. There was no equipment in the recreation areas.

192. During the time I was confined on Range 13, I ate every meal alone in my cell and exercised by myself. My meals were usually late and almost always cold.

194. Every thirty days the psychology staff would conduct a mental health interview which usually lasted only minutes. This “meeting” took place by talking through the solid steel door. This picture is a true and accurate representation of the steel door through which my mental health interviews took place:

Sometimes staff would walk into the sallyport, but they were always accompanied by armed correctional officers. These meetings did not last more than a few minutes.

195. The psychology staff would ask me how I was feeling and I would try to answer honestly, but it seemed as though they were not really listening and just waiting for a few minutes to pass by before they could leave.

196. While I was on Range 13, I left my cell only for infrequent haircuts and semiannual reviews. When I was taken out of my cell, I was subject to an invasive strip search and handcuffed and shackled to a black box suspended by chains around my waist. My ankles were also shackled. Every time, I was escorted by at least three officers.

197. I hated having my hair cut because it meant someone would be standing behind me, touching me. Even though these only lasted ten minutes, it made me so anxious I would start to shake uncontrollably. Getting my hair cut still has this effect on me.

198. As much as I am happy to be out of my cell, even to walk somewhere in the prison for a haircut, the shackles injure my hands. The black box in particular prevents movement by cutting into my wrists. I sometimes request to see medical staff because my wrists are bleeding following these trips.

199. When I was returned to my cell on Range 13, I was once again strip-searched.

200. These invasive, humiliating strip searches and infrequent haircuts were the only physical human contact I had on Range 13.

201. In 2006, I began receiving semi-annual reviews with Warden Wiley, the NCR Director and the CPD Assistant. I never received notice before these reviews occurred, so I never had an opportunity to prepare any arguments or evidence.



202. I never knew what kind of criteria was used to evaluate me, or even if there were any standards or guidelines used.

203. I repeatedly asked what I needed to do to be moved out of Range 13. In response, I was told to "just keep doing what I was doing."

204. These reviews usually only lasted a few minutes - just long enough for them to ask me a few questions.

205. These reviews were held in person; however, the reviewers still always told me that they couldn't move me, but were just checking on me.

#### **VIII. ADX: D-Unit**

206. On April 7, 2008, without notice, I was moved to D-Unit, where I am currently housed.

207. I truly believe that I was moved into D-Unit, not because of these reviews, but because I filed a lawsuit challenging my conditions of confinement and denial of due process.

208. The BOP describes D-Unit as a "general population unit;" however, at ADX, prisoners in "general population" live in isolation. Like all prisoners at ADX (except for those in the Step-Down Program), I am confined in a cell that is bright all the time since the lights in the hallway never go off, surrounded by walls on all four sides almost all of the time, including showers and meals. From my cell I cannot see or talk to another person, although I can communicate a little by yelling through the vents. I never see another inmate face-to-face without a barrier of some kind separating us.

209. When I was first transferred to D-Unit, I was placed on a range where there were no other prisoners. I was the only prisoner held on this range for several months.

210. In D-Unit I was surprised at how noisy everything seemed. After spending decades in silence, without hearing the normal day-to-day activities of other people, the sound of a toilet flushing or a shower running seemed so loud and always caught me by surprise.

211. Even though I have earplugs, daily life still feels very loud and overwhelming sometimes. I have trouble sleeping when I can hear others around me. After years of being by myself, the smallest sounds can be distressing and keep me up at night.

212. It is spooky how isolated you can be, while still being in such close physical proximity to someone. I know there are other men nearby on my range, I just can't see them.

213. Although I prefer having people in physical proximity to me rather than being geographically isolated as I have been in the past, it can be disturbing to be subjected to the yelling and screaming of the prisoners who are mentally ill. It is hard to concentrate or sleep when mentally ill inmates are placed on the same range, and sometimes it is hard to even hear myself think because people yell and scream or act out both sides of a conversation in their cells.

214. For the first few months in D-Unit, I was only allowed indoor recreation on a specific range that no other prisoners used, so I couldn't see or hear any other prisoners even during recreation. Because I had to be escorted to recreation by a lieutenant, I was often forced to skip recreation if there was not a lieutenant available and I only went to recreation approximately once a week.

215. My cell is approximately 87 sq. feet and contains a concrete bed, concrete desk, shower, sink and toilet. My cell is separated from the hallway by two doors, one of which is solid steel.

216. There is very little natural light in my cell.

217. I am usually confined to my cell for twenty-two hours a day, five days a week, and twenty-four hours a day the other two days a week.

218. I take all of my meals alone in my cell.

219. I am supposed to have outside recreation two or three times a week. Outside recreation on D-Unit takes place inside a small metal cage at the bottom of a poured concrete pit. Inside the cages, there is not enough room to take more than a few steps in any direction. There is no recreation equipment in the cages and I am not allowed to bring anything with me to rec. This photograph is a true and accurate representation of the outdoor recreation cages on D-Unit:

220. My telephone privileges remain limited to two 15-minute calls a month, even after the move to D-Unit.

221. From the time I was first moved to D-Unit until January 2009, two correctional officers and a lieutenant escorted me from my cell. Now, only two correctional officers escort me.

222. When I was first moved to D-Unit, I was only allowed social and legal visits on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and only when there were no other prisoners in the visiting booths. I am now allowed to have social and legal visits on Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. However, it is difficult for my family to travel to Colorado and therefore I have had only two social visits in five and a half years since being transferred to ADX.

223. My interactions with staff are minimal and are devoid of any personal connection. Recently I started keeping a journal detailing who I see and talk to during the day.

224. For the month of December I recorded each and every contact I had with staff members at the ADX. I logged who I spoke to and what the conversation was about. I used a watch to note the number of seconds each interaction lasted and recorded this information promptly into the log. A true and correct copy of the logs I kept is attached to this Declaration. (Attach. A.)

225. Even my during my six-month program reviews, I do not spend much time interacting with staff. I never know when the program reviews are going to happen, and the forms for my team reviews are already filled in and dated by the time I see them. It feels like I don't even get a chance to try and prove that I'm a different person, my past just fills in the future.

226. My “involvement” in my reviews is usually just my presence and the time it takes me to sign the forms. However, it is not uncommon for prison staff to slide my program review form under my door when I am at recreation and expect me to sign them without speaking to me at all.

227. Sometimes I ask questions, but no one ever has the answer and nothing is really ever explained to me. When my case manager brings me the papers to sign, she always tells me the same thing – that she is not a part of the committee that decides if I leave or stay, she only determines whether I am eligible for consideration by the committee, and I need to talk to someone else about problems with my conditions of confinement. We usually just talk about what television shows I need to watch for my programming.

228. When I was transferred to D-Unit, I felt hopeful about progressing through the Step-Down program. However, I am never told what I must do to move forward and even though I am eligible for entry into the program I am always denied. I request more information and always appeal my denials into the Step-Down program.

229. Reading the Step-Down Program denials is frustrating because they are vague and never really explain what I should be doing differently. I would appreciate more guidance about what I need to do to mitigate my crimes of placement, or prove my good behavior isn’t merely because of the security measures imposed on me. Sometimes I am told the BOP needs more time to assess my behavior, but after twenty two years of clean time, how much more time can they need?

230. I’m not allowed to be present when the Step-Down Committee reviews me and I’m not allowed to submit any evidence or testimony about why I should be allowed to enter the Step-Down Program or rebut any incorrect evidence the Committee may be relying upon.

231. Every denial feels like I have just run a marathon and been told to run it all over again. And again. It is one step forward and two steps back.

232. I always fill out an administrative remedy request, but it doesn't really ever do me any good because no change ever comes from it, everything is just approved and endorsed from above.

233. My eligibility for the Step-Down program is not in doubt. I have over 22 years of incident-free behavior to my credit, including more than a year of clear conduct in D-Unit. Additionally, I continue to meet and exceed the programming recommendations made by my unit team, demonstrate positive institutional adjustment, and maintain appropriate interactions with staff.

234. I also hope to receive an orderly position. I feel that becoming an orderly would give me a sense of purpose and responsibility, as well as allow me to prove to the BOP that I am no longer a violent person and provide the opportunity to earn a small income.

## **VII. Reflections On 28 Years Of Solitary Confinement**

235. Except for a single week, during the Atlanta prison riot, I have lived continuously in solitary confinement for the past 28 years.

236. Other than infrequent haircuts, strip searches and medical examinations, the only physical human contact I have experienced in the past 28 years is when BOP officers handcuff me and escort me.

237. For 28 years I have been isolated from other inmates. On rare occasions I have been able to communicate with my peers by yelling through prison walls but I have had no meaningful contact.

238. For 35 years, my visitor list has been restricted to family members and people I knew before I was incarcerated. Not only have I lost touch with nearly everyone I knew while on the outside, but I have been kept far from my family, making visits difficult and rare.

239. For 28 years I have eaten every meal alone in my cell.

240. For 28 years I have been entombed in concrete and steel, and have not enjoyed anything even remotely resembling open space. I am barely even allowed outside. When outside, I am surrounded by 20' high walls that allow me to view no more than a sliver of sky and nothing of the surrounding landscape.

241. The mental anguish of 28 years of solitary confinement is worse than any physical pain I have ever suffered or imagined.

242. The indefiniteness of my confinement makes my mental suffering never-ending.

243. After 28 years without much environmental stimulation, I fear that my mental state is deteriorating. I have difficulty remembering certain words and I feel that I cannot always accurately express what I am trying to communicate. My mind is always in a fog - I hear what people are saying but I can't always understand them and I have trouble focusing for more than a few minutes.

244. I often have to watch my educational programs several times because I miss important details and misinterpret what I hear. I'm listening, but not hearing.

245. Sometimes I have hallucinations where I see human shadows outside my cell window. I know they can't be real because my cell is on the second floor. Often I perceive the colors in my cell change, fluctuating from light to dark. At other times people's faces become distorted and frightening.

246. There is no end to the monotony of my days. Each day is the same as the one before and the one after. The tedium of my days saps any motivation I might have.

247. I am anxious all the time. I'm given medication for my anxiety, but it doesn't help. Instead, the medicine's side effects make me feel drowsy and tired during the day.

248. I have trouble sleeping. I never sleep more than four or five hours a night. When I do sleep, my dreams are of being held in solitary confinement.

249. Twenty-eight years of solitary confinement has also taken a physical toll on me. I often have trouble breathing, which may be related to my anxiety. My eyesight is worsening and I have trouble getting in to see the eye doctor.

250. I also think my muscles are beginning to atrophy. I receive a little recreation five days a week, but other than that, I spend the rest of my day laying in bed or sitting at my desk. There is not much space for movement in my cell.

251. I have Hepatitis C. While I have been told for over a year that I qualify for treatment, I am still waiting to receive it. When I ask why I don't receive it, I am informed that there is a very long waitlist.

252. I have painful hemorrhoids that bleed frequently. I often can't sit down because of the pain and blood. I have tried to alter my diet and use other methods of treatment.



253. I was told by the surgeon that I am a candidate for hemorrhoid surgery, which would prevent me from suffering future harm, including pain, humiliation and bleeding.

254. However, ADX informed me that I was denied this surgery. No reason for the denial was given. I filed a BP-9 about this, and in response was told that I didn't need the surgery and could speak to the physician's assistant about using creams and suppositories, the same ineffective treatments I have been using for years.

255. The experience of being utterly alone in a tiny cell for nearly three decades has caused me emotional despair and has caused me to deteriorate physically as well. Though I know that I want to live and have always been a survivor, I have often wished for death. I know, though, that I don't want to die. What I want is a life in prison that I can fill with some meaning.

256. I have changed so much in behavior and outlook from the person that I was 28 years ago. I have no interest in violence. I have devoted the past 26 years to Buddhism and practicing meditation and yoga. I enjoy listening to tapes and watching programs hosted by the Dalai Lama.

257. I have been a vegetarian for many years now, for both health and spiritual reasons.

258. I receive letters sometimes from people telling me I am a monster. They think – because of what I did – that I don't have any emotions or feelings. I can see why they think that, but it's not true. I feel very deeply about the terrible pain I have caused others. I hate what I did and I hate being forever defined by those actions. As horrible as my actions were, and as awful as their consequences are, I am still a human being. I am not just a killer. I am also a father, a brother, and a friend. I try to find meaning in my life and to be of value to others.

259. I have also developed my artistic talent as a constructive means of self-expression.

Creating art enhances my feeling that my life has value. My efforts also give me an appreciation for the work of others. When you work hard for something you value it, and it helps you value and appreciate the things others work hard for.

260. It fills me with despair that that after 28 years of meeting their expectations and complying with their rules, the BOP is still unwilling to recognize any of the changes I've accomplished in myself, and gives me no further opportunities to show that I am not who they think I am.

261. For 28 years I have been a model prisoner. I have done everything the BOP has asked of me, yet I am repeatedly denied an orderly position and placement in the Step-Down Program.

262. Getting out of solitary confinement, would relieve the relentless and crushing strain that has worn away at my mind, body, and spirit for 28 years.

263. After 28 years of solitary confinement, including over 22 years of clear conduct, I hope for, and I think I deserve, a chance to progress through the Step-Down program.

I declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct.

DATED: 2/14/11

Respectfully submitted,

Thomas Silverstein  
Thomas Silverstein

SILVERSTEIN v. FEDERAL BUREAU OF PRISONS, et al.  
Civil Action No. 07-cv-02471-PAB-KMT

Attachment A to Exhibit 1

# DAILY JOURNAL

\* 12-3-10 RETURN FROM VISIT. LADY (C.G.) ASKED IF VISITOR'S WERE DUE BACK APPROXIMAT- TOMORROW. I SAID "NO." I ASKED IF SHE HAD A COID, DUE 2 HER ELY 10-MINS STAFFES. "NO." SHE SAID, SHE THINKS SHE'S ALLERGIC 2 THIS PLACE. SINCE W/ STUFF + IT ONLY STARTS + STOPS WHEN SHE ARRIVES + LEAVES. WE WALKED 30 SEC. WORTH THE REST OF THE WAY N SILENCE UNTIL ENTERING D-UNIT. THE MAIL OF SHAME C.O. SAID 2 STOP AT BUBBLE BY WE MOVED UP STAIRS SO HE CAN TALK, REMOVE ME LEG IRONS. AT CELL, HE ASKED 2 C A PIECE OF PAPER THAT FELL OFF MY PADE'S WHILE REMOVING MY JUMP SUIT. I THANKED HIM + HE SAID "NO PROBLEM"

① TOLD HER, "ME 2. MY NOSE NEVER RAN LIKE IT DOES SINCE I GOT HERE"

12-3-10 4:00 P.M. COUNT. C.O. TOSSED N CAINE SHEET AS USUAL OF FR. 1. 4:40 <sup>TEMPER</sup> C.O. BROUGHT FOOD TRAY + ASKED IF I WANT PAPER. <sup>NEWS</sup> "YES" + 5-SEC'S THANK U! I SAID. SHE SAID "WIRE WELCOME"

2-SEC'S 5:30 P.M. C.O. PICKED UP TRAYS, TRAYS + ABOUT N SILENCE.

2-SEC- 8:00 P.M. COUNT. 2 C.O'S DRIVE BY. N SILENCE / BACK + FORTH

2-SEC- 9:30 " " " " " " " " " "

2-SEC- 12:00 AM. " " " " " " " " " "

2-SEC- 3:00 AM. " " " " " " " " " "

2-SEC- 5:00 AM. " " " " " " " " " "

12-4-10 SAT.

4-SEC- 6:00 A.M. CHOW N SILENCE + PICK UP

1-SEC- 10:00 COUNT

3-SEC- 11:15- CHOW / ICE, PICK UP TRAYS 11:33 AM.

5-SEC'S 3:35 AM. ABST OUT TIP. I TOLD EM "2 ROLLS" NO REPLY. C.O. CHECKED BAR'S. N SILENCE.

5-SEC- C.O. ASKED IF I WANT NEWS PAPER / W/ FOOD TRAY "YES" I SAID. I GOT ICE N SILENCE.

2-SEC- 8:01 AM COUNT / BACK + FORTH

2-SEC- 9:30 COUNT " "

" " 12:00 " " "

" " 3:00 " " "

" " 5:00 " " "

12-5-10 SUN.

2-SEC'S 6:15 A.M. CHOW, ASKED "REC. 3" YES PLEASE."

2-SEC'S 6:30 AM. TRAY, PICK UP

5-SEC'S 7:20 AM 9:20 REC. OUTSIDE + BACK N SILENCE

2-SEC'S 10:11 AM CHOW, ASKED "NEWS" "THANK U!" PICK UP TRAYS 12:00

+ IS WHEN I SPOKE W/ OR 2 C.O. OR VISA-VERSA.

11/16/68

12-5-10 SUN.  
2-SEC'S 2:43 PM. ASKED IF I WANT "SHARPS." RAZOR, NAIL CLIPPERS,  
PENCIL SHARPENER. "YES, PLEASE"  
2-SEC'S 4:00 P.M. CHOW/ICE/ADDED NEWS PAPER IN SILENCE  
10-MINS. 6:16 P.M. SHANK DOWN ABOUT 10 MINS. THEY PUT ME IN CANTINA  
1-MIN. 7:30 AM. HEALTH + COMFORT (SUPPLIES) I TOLD EM WHAT I  
WANTED.  
2-SEC. 8:00 P.M. COUNT / BACK + FORTH  
1-SEC. 9:30 PM COUNT " "  
" " 12:00 " " "  
" " 3:00 " " "  
" " 5:00 " " "

12-6-10 MON.  
1-SEC. 6:44 COMMISSARY CO DROPPED OFF BAGS IN FRONT OF CELL  
20-SEC. 7:25 CHOW/COMMISSARY/ASK IF I WANT REC. YES"  
1-SEC. 7:32 COUNSELOR PICKED UP MAIL  
1-MIN 8:40 REC. INDOOR RETURN 10:30 BUBBLE  
2-SEC. 11:15 CHOW/ICE  
2-SEC. 11:40 REC. CO'S BROUGHT GOOIES 4 WINNING 4TH PLACE IN  
ART CONTEST. I TOLD EM I GAVE COUNSELOR THE MAIL FORM/ST  
SAID I WOULD GIVE IT 2 HOURS. HE SAID "OK".  
1-SEC. 1:02 CO'S CAME 2 TAKE 100 4 LEGAL CASH  
1-SEC. 2:32 PUT LAUNDRY AT MY DESK  
3:17 PM. CO. TESS N A LATE KITE THAT MY COUNSELOR DIDNT  
DELIVER EARLIER WHEN HE PICKED UP MAIL.  
2-SEC. 3:53 CHOW/ICE/LAUNDRY  
2-SEC. 5:15 PICKED UP TRAYS  
1-SEC. 8:00 COUNT / BACK + FORTH  
" " 9:30 " " "  
" " 12:00 " " "  
" " 3:00 " " "  
" " 5:00 " " "

12-7-10 THURS.  
2-SEC. 6:11 CHOW NO REC. AS/50 WASNT ASKED.  
2-SEC. 6:22 TRAY PICKUP  
2-SEC. 10:15 CHOW/ICE  
2-SEC. 11:31 TRAY PICK-UP  
2-SEC. 11:53 COUNSELOR PICKED UP MAIL + GAVE ME 2 FORMS.  
2-SEC. 12:01 A CUP OF JOCKS FIRST BY BUT I JUST CAUGHT THEM FOR  
BACK + FORTH.  
2-SEC. 3:31 AM. CHOW/ICE  
1-SEC. 4:30 PICKED UP TRAYS  
2-SEC. 8:00 COUNT - BACK + FORTH  
2-SEC. 12:00 COUNT " "  
2-SEC. 5:00 COUNT " "

12-8-10 WED.

2-SEC. 7:36 CHOW / C.O. ASKED "REC." "YES PLEASE" I SAID.

2-SEC. 8:15 TRAY PICK UP, RUNNING LATER THAN USUAL.

9:15 NO REC. N. A.M. RUNNING HAD A CUTS MY NEIGHBOR TOOK A HAIR CUT, BUT I HAD 2 CALL THE C.O. 2 ASK IF I WAS ON LIST, CUZ THEY OFTEN DON'T HAVE ME ON IT, EVEN THO I SUBMIT A REQUEST. SOME GUARD'S WILL LET ME G. ANYWAY. BUT THIS ONE JUST BROUGHT MY NEIGHBOR BAG W/OUT A WORD, SO I DIDNT GET A HAIR CUT THIS MONTH.

30 SEC. 9:55 REC.

30 SEC. 11:55 REC. BACK

2-SEC. 12:09 CHOW / ICE / NEWS PAPER

2-SEC. 3:00 PASS OUT SHARPS. (C.O. SAYS "SHARPS" I SAY "RAZOR + NAIL CHIPPERS")

2-SEC. 4:22 CHOW / ICE

2-SEC. 5:00 TRAY / RAZOR / NAIL CHIPPERS / COMMISSARY LIST

2-MINS 5:58 SANITATION (THEY PASS OUT CLEANING SUPPLIES. 2-MINS 2 CLEAN. BUT THE C.O. JUST PUTS IT N THE SALLY PORT + LEAVES + COMES BACK 2 GET IT. THEY WALK THE CART UP 2 THE DOOR, I SAY, "I NEED TOILET BRUSH, CLEANSER + THAT SPRAY STUFF." THEY SAY NOTHING.

2-SEC. 8:00 COUNT - BACK + FORTH

" " 9:30 " " "

" " 12:00 " " "

" " 3:00 " " "

" " 5:00 " " "

12-9-10 THUR.

1-SEC. 6:15 AM. CHOW, C.O. ASKED "REC." I NODDED YES.

" " 6:28 TRAY PICK UP

40 SEC. 7:15 REC.

40 SEC. 9:15 REC.

1-SEC. 10:15 CHOW / ICE

1-SEC. 11:30 TRAY PICK UP

2-SEC. 12:00 C.O.'S PUT SOMEONES PROPERTY N #6 CELL

2-SEC. 12:15 MOVED GREG SLARRA NEXT 2 ME (X-MOB BOSS - RAY)

2-SEC. 1:24 COMSECOR / UNIT MANAGER WENT 2 CELL 8 FOR SOME THING / DRIVE BY / BACK + FORTH.

2-SEC. 2:16 COMSECOR / UNIT MGR. WENT BACK 2 CELL 8. DRIVE BY - BACK + FORTH

12-9-10			
2-SEC.	4:10	CHOW/ICE	
2-SEC.	5:00	TRAY PICK UP	
2-SEC.	8:00	COUNT BACK + FORTH	
2-SEC.	9:30	"	"
2-SEC.	12:00	"	"
2-SEC.	3:00	"	"
2-SEC.	5:00	"	"
12-10-10	6:15	CHOW / NEWS PAPER / NO REC. DUTY	I COUNT MY DAY FROM BREAKFAST, 12:00 AM
2-SEC.	6:35	TRAY PICK UP	
2-SEC.	11:05	CHOW/ICE	
2-SEC.	12:10	PICK UP TRAYS	
2-SEC.	2:00	"SHARPS" SAYS CO. I TELL EM "RAZOR."	
2-SEC.	3:00	COUNSELOR PICKED UP MAIL	
"	3:45	TRASH	
"	4:14	CHOW/ICE / COUNT	
"	4:50	TRAY / RAZOR PICK-UP	
"	8:00	COUNT BACK + FORTH	
"	9:30	"	"
12-11-10	12:00 AM	"	"
"	3:00	"	"
"	5:00	"	"
12-11-10	7:00		
2-SEC.	6:08	CHOW / "REC" ANSWER "YES"	
2-SEC.	6:27	TRAY PICK UP	
32-SEC.	7:32	REC. OUTSIDE	
32-SEC.	9:40	REC. RETURN	
2-SEC.	10:18	CHOW	
2-SEC.	11:00	PICK-UP TRAYS	
2-SEC.	4:06	T.P. (TOILET PAPER) PAST OUT I ASKED 4 TUBES	
2-SEC.	4:08	COUNT - BACK + FORTH	
2-SEC.	4:30	CHOW / ICE (I STICK ICE BUCKET OUT TRAY SLOT + C.O. FILL'S IT UP IN SILENCE.)	
2-SEC.	4:58	TRAY PICK-UP	
"	8:00	COUNT - BACK + FORTH	
"	9:30	"	"
12-12-10	12:00	"	"
"	3:00	"	"
"	5:00	"	"



12-12-10 NO REC. DAY SUN.

2-SEC. 6:00-CHOW

2-SEC. 6:20-TRAY PICK-UP

2-SEC. 10:00<sup>am</sup> COUNT-BACK + FORTH

2-SEC. 11:00<sup>am</sup> CHOW/ICE

2-SEC. 11:30<sup>am</sup> TRAY PICK-UP

" " 2:00 PM SHARPS /RAJOR

" " 3:00 P.M. TRASH

" " 4:00 P.M. COUNT-BACK + FORTH

" " 4:30 P.M. CHOW/ICE

" " 5:00 P.M. TRAY PICK-UP

\* 30-SECS 5:30 AM HEALTH + COMFORT (SUPPLIES) I TOLD C.O.'S I NEEDED LET BRUSH, CLEANER, STRAY BOTTLE

2-SEC. 8:00 " COUNT-BACK + FORTH

2-SEC. 9:30 " " " "

" " 12-13-10 12:00 AM " " "

" " 3:00 AM " " "

" " 5:00 AM " " "

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12/13/10 MON.

\* 1 MIN. 6:45 COMMISSARY/CO. USUALLY SAYS "GOOD MORNING"

2-SEC. 7:07 CHOW

30-SEC. 7:25 REC.

30-SEC. 9:38 REC.

2-SEC. 10:15 CHOW/ICE

\* 2-SEC. 12:07 TRAY PICK-UP, ASKED IF I CAN USE LAW LIBRARY

10-SECS 12:15 LAW LIBRARY

\* 10-SECS 2:11 " " TOLD: C.O. WHEN <sup>HE WAS</sup> PASSING OUT LAUNDRY BAG'S THAT I WAS DONE.

2-SECS 3:15 PAST BUT LATE MAIL - I GAVE ME MY LAUNDRY BAG

\* 3:34 U.A. (DISS TEST) <sup>HE SAID I HAD A MT. I TOLD EM NOW. HE ASKED ME 2 SIGN IT. I DECLINED.</sup>

4-MINS 3:38 U.A. DONE. TEST RESULTS: CLEANER THAN A SAFEWAY CHICKEN (U)

2-SEC'S 4:15 CHOW/ICE

2-SEC'S 5:55 TRAY PICK-UP

8:00

9:30

12/14/10 2-SEC. 12:00 a.m.

" " 3:00 "

" " 5:00 "

2/14/10 TUE.

\* 2-SEC. 6:14 AM. CHOW/"REL." ASKED C.O. I NOO, YES.

2-SEC. 6:25 a.m. TRAY PICK-UP

40-SEC. 8:53 a.m. BACK FROM REC.

2-SEC. 11:17 a.m. TRAY PICK-UP

\* 5-SEC. 11:25 AM L-REC. LO'S. BROUGHT WINNING BAG OF CORN NUTS 4 GAV  
SHEETS, BUT NOT THE 2 BINGOS W/IN THAT I ASKED ABOUT THE SAN  
HE'D CHECK NO 10, BUT HE NEVER GOT BACK 2 ME AS EXPECTED.

2-SEC. 11:51 COUNT/TEL. DRIVE-BY BACK + FORTH

\* 5-SEC. 11:55 LAW LIBRARY I ASKED 2 USED L.C.

5-SEC. 2:10 PM. RETURN FROM L.C.

2-SEC. 2:49 AM. LET MY NEIGHBOR OUT 4 LEGAL CALL. BACK  
FORTH

2-SEC. 4:00 COUNT - BACK + FORTH

\* 5-SEC. 4:25 CHOW/ICE/MAIL/BREATHALYSER TEST. C.O. SAID "A KA.  
A BREATHALYSER TEST!"

2-SEC. 5:50 TRAY PICK-UP

10-SEC. 6:45 PHONE CALL

2-SEC. 8:00 COUNT BACK + FORTH

2-SEC. 9:30 COUNT " "

2-SEC. 12-15-10 12:00 a.m. COUNT " "

2-SEC. 3:00 a.m. COUNT " "

\* 5-SEC. 5:00 a.m. COUNT " THE BA. WAS W/ C.O. SO I CALLED 4 TELL  
HIM I HAD CLASSES 2 TALKIN 4. HE WAS WORSE  
BUT, ROLLED HIS EYES, THEN HAD 2 BEEN IN  
DOOR + GOT EM.

12/15/10 WED

\* 2-SEC. 6:25 CHOW/"REL." REQUEST, I NOO YES

2-SEC. 6:35 TRAY PICK UP.

2-SEC. 6:45 ED. C.O.'S PASS BY DELIVERING BOOKS 2 GUYS THAT REQUEST  
ED SOME FROM THE LIBRARY. BACK + FORTH. I DIDNT ORDER ANY.

\* 1-MIN. 7:25 AM. "REC."

1-MIN. 9:25 AM. REC. FROM REC.

2-SEC. 10:00 a.m. CHOW/ICE

2-SEC. 11:29 a.m. TRAY PICK-UP

20-SEC. 11:31 a.m. } LAW LIBRARY REQUESTED. BACK + FRONT

20-SEC. 11:42 a.m. } " " " "

2-SEC. 1:51 P.M. SOME FAT GUY W/ A TIE DID A DRIVE-BY B. + F.

\* 4-SEC. 2:15 "SHARPS." "YES" SAYS I, "A RAZOR."

2-SEC. 4:06 - COUNT/CHOW/ICE

4-SEC. 4:50 - TRAY/RAZOR PICK-UP

\* 2-SEC. 5:49 - SANITATION/CLEANING SUPPLIES I ASKED 4 TOILET  
BRUSH, CREAMSEY  
STARRY BATTER.

2-SEC. 8:00 - COUNT B. + F.

" " 9:30 " " "

" " 12:00 (12-16-10) " " "

" " 3:00 " " "

" " 5:00 " " "

12-16-10 THUR. NO REL. DAY

2-SEE. 6100471. 4/10/11

2-5E

8:30 a.m. C.D. came back + said "2000 ROTATION" + gave  
me 3 plastic bags 2 more w/.

9:30 a.m. 2 CO's came w/ phone 4 my 9:00 call, but I declined cuz I had all my property packed & didn't want 2 have 2 look 4 my phone # list. I told em "THANK'S BUT I'LL MAKE IT ANOTHER TIME SINCE MY STUFF'S ALL PACKED UP."

10130 a.m. CHOW, DIDNT TAKE ICE CUBES I WAS MOVING.

12:30 PM. CELL ROTATION BEGAN. CO'S WENT BACK  
FOORTH N FRONT OF MY CELL ABOUT 10 TIMES, THEN  
MOVED ME, ONLY SAYIN' I'LL B GOING 2 CELL #4. THE  
ONE I WAS<sup>N</sup> PREVIOUSLY B4 MOVING 2 #5. THE GU  
N 4 MOVED N 2 #5. THE NUT N 2 #3, WHICH SUCK.  
SINCE R. VENT IS CONNECTED SO WHEN HE LAUGH  
YELL'S AT HIMSELF (OR ANYONE ELSE 4 THAT  
MATTER) I HEAR HIM LIKE HE'S N MY CELL!

HEAT N. MY HELL HOLE HAS JUST BEEN TURNED UP ~~500~~  
STANTIAKELY! <sup>10</sup> →

3:21, CO. EAST N SAME MARK

3: SEL.

4100 COUNT / CHOW / ICE / LAUNDRARY

2: SEC.

5:00 TRAY pick up

2- SEC.

6:00 PM Drove By - BACK + FORTH 2 CELL 6

上 是

8:06 PM COUNT

1. 2. 3.

9:30 AM. count

12-17-10

171 40 34

2-562

4:00 A.M. P.A. DRIVE-BY

2-55C

6:17 AM (HOW). I ASKED C.O. "WOULD U PUT ME DOWN 4 REC." WHEN  
DIDNT ASK. AS HE DID EVERY ONE ELSE.

2- SEC.

6:39 am TRAY PICK UP + NEWS PAPER

20 522

0:20 AM REC.

20 SEP

10: 70 AM DEC.

2-505

10:45 AM. Cloud

555

DRAY NICKSON

12 - 550

11:30 AM LAWRENCE, ASKED 2 USE L.C.

4 - 570

11:30 AM COMMISSARY CO. SAID "GOOD MORNING" I RESPONDED NOTHING

12 Sep

1:30 PM. RETURN FROM L.L.

2-56

3:25 A.M. SHARPS - RAZOR TOLD CO. NEEDED A RAZOR

12-17-10 FRI.

2-SEC 4:05 COUNT BACK + FORTH

3-SEC 4:25 AM CHOW/ICE/MAIL

4-SEC 5:10 AM TRAY PICK-UP/TRASH/RAZOR

2-SEC 5:49 A.M. PA. DRIVE-BY BACK/FORTH

" " 8:00 COUNT

" " 9:30 "

" " 12:00 "

" " 3:00 "

" " 4:58 PA. DRIVE-BY BACK + FORTH

" " 5:04 AM. COUNT. 2 C.O.'S COUNT. THEY USUALLY WALK TOGETHER BUT SOME TIMES SEPARATELY.

" " 5:06 AM. COUNT.

" " 5:58 A.M. CHOW

30-SEC 7:30 A.M. REC. "DO U WANT BUBBLE OR INSIDE?" "BUBBLE" SAY'S I.

30-SEC 9:30 AM. RETURN FROM REC.

2-SEC 11:00 AM CHOW/ICE/NEWS PAPER

2-SEC 1:15 PM. TRAY PICK-UP

2-SEC 4:03 AM COUNT - DRIVE-BY

2-SEC 4:30 AM CHOW/ICE

2-SEC 4:50 PM TRAY PICK-UP

6:00 AM. 2 C.O. CHANGED TV N CELL #5

8:00 AM COUNT BACK + FORTH

9:30 " " " "

12-19-10

2-SEC 12:00 A.M. " " "

2-SEC 3:00 A.M. " " "

2-SEC 9:35 AM. PA. DRIVE-BY - BACK + FORTH

" " 5:00 " COUNT " " "

" " 6:00 " CHOW

" " 6:23 " TRAY PICK-UP

60-SEC 7:25 " REC.

60-SEC 9:28 " RETURN REC.

2-SEC 10:20 " CHOW/ICE

" " 11:01 " TRAY PICK-UP

2-SEC 2:30 " " SPARDS " I ASKED ABOUT MY RAZOR FOR 11:00. HE SAID I'D CHECK.

20-SEC 3:25 " TRASH/HEALTH + COMFORT (SUPPLIES) 6 ENVELOPES 4 THE WEEK  
I ASKED ABOUT THE CIRC SCHEDULED FOR 11:00 a.m. & HE SAID LATER TONIGHT.  
THEN I TOLD C.O. WHAT SUPPLIES I NEED.

2-SEC 4:03 COUNT

2-SEC 4:19 CHOW/ICE

2-SEC 5:30 TRAY PICK-UP

1.	A - MEETING + STAFF - 11:00 AM OR VILL - VER-1		
12-19-10	SUN.		
40- SEC.	5:31	CALL. USUALLY THEY OPEN THE OUTER DOOR, PUSH PHONE CART. THEN ASK IF N. & WAIT UNTIL I GET AN ANSWER. THEN I GIVE A THUMB UP & THEY SMILE. SOME TIME'S THEY'LL SMILE AFTER THEY RING IT N. THEY'LL CLOSE THE OUTER DOOR. AFTER 15 MIN'S OR SO THE DOOR OPENS MECHANICALLY AS IT'S OPENED. & WE PUSH THE CART OUT N 2 HALLWAY. SOME TIME'S THE C.O. WILL SAY OVER THE INTERCOM, "PUSH THE CART OUT BUT USUALLY NOT. THEN C.O. COMES & GETS THE CART LATER.	
2- SEC.	8:00	COUNT DRIVE - BY BACK & FORTH	
2- SEC.	9:30	COUNT " " " "	
12-20-10	12:00	A.M. COUNT " " " "	
2- SEC.	2:52	Q.M. MY NEIGHBOR N #3 WAKE ME UP TALKING 2 HIM/H SELF. I WENT 2 BED AT 10:00 AM. & UNABLE 2 GO BACK 2 SLEEP. I GO OUT COUNT. I WAKE UP 4 THE REST OF THE NIGHT. IT'S 2 NOIS 2 SLEEP & I'M 2 AGITATED 2 SLEEP. HAVE A SPLITTING HEADACHE & FEEL "SPACEY" FROM LACK OF SLEEP (MORE THAN USUAL) SINCE WE WERE PUT NEXT 2 EACH OTHER SINCE 2 VENTS R CONNECTED & IT SOUNDS LIKE HE'S IN MY CELL.	
2- SEC.	4:15	Q.M. P.A. & C.O. DRIVE BY. THE GUY / RAT / RECLUSE N #6 GETS MEDS TWICE DAILY AT AROUND 5-7 AT NIGHT & 4-5 A.M. WHEN HE (GUY) WAS N #3 & ME #5, I DIDN'T C.P.A.	
2- SEC.	5:00	A.M. COUNT - BACK & FORTH	
2- SEC.	6:15	CHOW / MAIL SET OUT GUNG MAIL UNDER MY DORM / REC. #4	
2- SEC.	6:30	TRAY PICK-UP	
2- SEC.	7:57	C.O. SAID "NEXT WAVE". THAT MEANS REC. CAGES A FREE, SO WILL HAVE 2 GO AFTER LUNCH	
30- SEC.	9:00	MS. MAC WALKED. I ASKED IF & WHEN SHE'LL CHANGE THE INSTRUCTION VIDEO ON COMPUTER SINCE IT ONLY SHOWS THE FIRST PART. SHE SAID THAT'S ALL. BUT SEND HER A "CAR OUT" ABOUT WHAT PROBLEMS I'M HAVING	
8 HRS!	11:09	A.M. THE NUT STILL TALKS 2 HIMSELF NONE STOP!	
2- SEC.	11:09	CHOW / ICE	
40- SEC.	11:43	REC. C.O. SAID "I BET THAT GETS OLD QUIET" I SAID, "ESPECIALLY SINCE IT'S BEEN GOING ON SINCE 2 AM.	
40- SEC.	1:32	REC. OVER	
2- SEC.	2:19	C.O.'S PASS OUT LAUNDRY BAGS BACK & FORTH	
4- SEC.	3:40	CHOW / ICE / MAIL / COUNT / " " " SALLY PORT. C.O. GOFF ASKED IF THEY WERE ME "GROGGY" YET. I SAID "NO". HE SAID, "WE'LL HAVE 2 WORK ON THAT. C.W. HE WAS HERE 1ST WHEN THE COUNSELOR ASKED IF THEY HAD A PROBL GIVING ME THE TRAY. THEY GAVE & JAMES SAID NO.	
2- SEC.	4:58	TRAY PICK-UP	
15-HRS!	6:00	MY NEIGHBOR FINALLY SHUT-UP!	
2- SEC.	12:00	COUNT BACK & FORTH	
	12:27	NUT STARTS RUNNING HIS MOUTH AGAIN	
2- SEC.	3:09	COUNT - B & F	
2- SEC.	4:15	P.A. B & F	
2- SEC.	5:00	COUNT B & F	
2- SEC.	6:10	CHOW / REC. REQUEST "YES" SAYS J.	
2- SEC.	6:27	TRAY PICK-UP	
1- MIN.	7:16	REC.	
1- MIN.	9:45	REC	
2- SEC.	10:33	CHOW / ICE	
2- SEC.	12-55	TRAY PICK-UP & REC. C.O'S PASSIN OUT WINS THAT DIDN'T GET	

GAME SHEET

TUES.

12/21/10

\* 2-SEC. I ASKED CO. 4 LAW LIBRARY. HE SAID HE'LL BACK, HAD A COUPLE OTHER THINGS 2 DO. EVEN THO IT TAKES 30+ SECS. HE'LL HAVE TRAX. DOING 2 THINGS AT ONCE.

2:45 PM. C.O. DIDNT RETURN 2 LET ME OUT 4 LAW LIBRARY.

2-SEC. 3:32 - CHOW/ICE/MIK

2-SEC. 4:35 TRAY PICK-UP

2-SEC. 5:37 - BOUGHT #5 SOMETHING + THE PA. #1 + WALKED BACK + FOR 4 TIMES

2-SEC. 7:06 - PA.

2-SEC. 8:00 COUNT - BACK + FORTH

2-SEC. 9:30 " " "

12-22-10  
2-SEC. 12:00 " " "

2-SEC. 3:00 " " "

5:12 - NUT STARTS RUNNING HIS MOUTH

2-SEC. 5:00 - COUNT - BACK + FORTH

2-SEC. 5:30 - PA.

2-SEC. 6:11 CHOW

2-SEC. 6:31 TRAY PICK-UP

2-SEC. 7:45 CO'S PICKED UP LAUNDRY

2-SEC. 9:25 - UNIT MANAGER DID A DRIVE-BY + PICKED MY MAIL UP + SENT N MY APPEAL UNDER THE DOOR.

2-SEC. 10:13 - CHOW/ICE

2-SEC. 11:14 - TRAY PICK-UP

1-MIN. 1:07 PA CAME 2 CME ABOUT MY BOBBY EYE GLASSES, MEDS

3-SEC. 2:35 SHARPS / RAZOR. I TOLD EM "RAZOR."

5-SEC. 3:30 SANITATION - 2-MIN. 4 ME 2 CLEAN. BUT C.O. WAS JUST HERE LONG ENOUGH 2 PUT N SALLY PORT. I ASKED 4 TOILET BRUSH + CLEANSER. THEY PICKED UP TRASH + DELIVERED LAUNDRY BAGS.

4-SEC. 4:20 CHOW/ICE/CO. GUFF MADE A CRAZY SIGN AFTER PASSING #5 + SAID "I CRAZY, I NODDED + REALIZED. "U'RE LUCKY U GO HOME AT NIGHT." HE ADDED "I DON'T KNOW HOW U DO IT, THAT WOULD DRIVE ME CRAZY!"

2-SEC. 5:08 PA + CO. GAVE ME REFILL MEDS, I SAID "THANK U."

2-SEC. 5:25 TRAY PICK-UP

6:39 - NUT STILL RUNNING HIS MOUTH

2-SEC. 8:00 " " " " COUNT

2-SEC. 9:30 I WENT 2 BED, GOT UP AT 11:30 AM. COUNT

12-23-10 THUR.  
12:00 a.m.

12:58 NUT GOT UP

3:00 a.m. COUNT

4:45 PA

6:18 CHOW

6:27 TRAY-UP

\* MIMI - 2 SPOKE ~15 MIN OR, + VICE VERSA.

12-23-10 THUR.

10-SEC. 6:50 AM. SUDLOW PICKED UP + DELIVERED MY MAIL. I TOLD HER WHEN I GOT MY B.P. 9 RESPONSE # 63975 YESTERDAY, THE B.P. 8 RESPONSE WAS MISSING. SHE SAID SHE MAY OF THROW IT OUT + WORK CHECK.

1-MIN. 7:30 AM. REC.

1-MIN. 9:40 AM. RETURN FROM REC.

2-SEC. 10:29 AM. CHOW/ICE

2-SEC. 11:30 AM. TRAY PICK-UP / NEWS PAPER

4-SEC. 12:00 PM. E-D'S BROUGHT PHONE. DIDNT GET THUR. SO THEY CAME + GOT IT 30 MINS LATER, + GAVE IT 2 A GUY. A FEW COPS A WAY + CAME 2 GET IT WHEN HE WAS DONE.

3-SEC. 2:15 PM. MS. SUDLOW BROUGHT MY B.P. 8 COPY BACK. I THANKED HER. BUT SHE ONLY MADE ONE INSTEAD OF THE 4-REQUESTED. 2.

2-SEC. 3:20 PM. CHOW/ICE / MINE / GAME SHEETS 4 HOLIDAY / NEWS PAPER / COUNT

2-SEC. 6:00 PM. LT. DID DRIVE-BY

2-SEC. 6:15 PM. P.A. " "

2-SEC. 8:00 PM.

2-SEC. 9:30 PM.

12-24-10

2-SEC. 12:05 FRIDAY a.m.

2-SEC. 3:00 a.m. NUT STARTS RUNNING HIS MOUTH IN

2-SEC. 4:54 a.m. COUNT + PA

2-SEC. 6:11 a.m. CHOW / NEWS PAPER / REC.

2-SEC. 6:23 a.m. TRAY PICK-UP

40-SEC. 7:15 a.m. REC. - BUBBLE

40-SEC. 7:25 a.m. RETURN FROM REC.

2-SEC. 10:00 a.m. COUNT HOLIDAY + WEEKENDS THEY COUNT AT 10:00

2-SEC. 10:40 a.m. CHOW/ICE

2-SEC. 11:38 a.m. FEMALE SHRINK + CO DID A DRIVE-BY + SHE WAVED AT ME.

2-SEC. 12:30 P.M. TRAY PICK-UP

4-SEC. 2:35 P.M. SHARPS - TOOK RABBIT. ASKED 4 PENCIL SHARPENER BUT HE (CO.) DIDNT HAVE ONE. THE SHUT UP 4 2 MINS, BUT STARTED AGAIN, SINCE 7 THE WHOLE RANGE 2.

3:27 CHOW/ICE

4:00 P.M. COUNT BACK + FORTH

5:00 P.M. TRAY PICK-UP / TRASH

6:06 P.M. PA. BACK + FORTH

7:00 P.M. THE MOUTH FINALLY SHUT UP... 4 NOW.

I WENT 2 SLEEP AT 8:30 PM BUT THE NUT WOKE ME UP AT 10:27 P.M. + HAVE BEEN UP EVER SINCE. 6:10 A.M. I'M MENTALLY / PHYSICALLY EXHAUSTED

8:00 P.M. COUNT BACK + FORTH

9:30 " " " "

X-MAS SAT.

12:00 a.m. " " "

4:30 " P.A. " "

5:00 a.m. COUNT "

SO NOW I CAN'T MAIL IT 2 REGION UNTIL I GET THE EXTRA COPIES.



SAT.

12/25/10 NO REC. DAY

2: SEC. 6:04 CHOW

2: SEC. 6:16 TRAY PICK-UP

2: SEC. 9:03 - PAST OUT PART OF CHOW 4 HECIDAY MEAL

2: SEC. 10:30 CHOW/ICE

2: SEC. 10:45 LT. WALKED DRIVE-BY

2: SEC. 11:40 TRAY PICK-UP

2:40 THE MOUTH HAS BEEN SHUT ALL DAY UNTIL NOW, HE HAS  
HAVE BEEN RESTING UP SINCE HE'S GOING STRONG!

2 - SEC. 3:07 - C.B. ASKED #5 IF HE'S STILL OVERLY SINCERELY LET EM OUT ON ST  
+ TUES. THEN HE ASKED THE NUT IF HE'S OK (HE WAS YELLING)

2 - SEC. 4:05 COUNT BACK & FORTH

2 - SEC. 4:22 - CHOW / BAG LUNCH 15 NO TRAY PICK-UP LATER

2 - SEC. 5:50 - T.P. (TOILET AND TP. HAND OUT) "3-ROLLS", SAID 2

2 - SEC. 5:52 - LT. WALKED + CALLED OUT MY NAME AS HE WALKED BY

4 - SEC. 7:00 - PA BROUGHT FIXED GLASSES THAT I THANKED HER

8:00 - COUNT BACK & FORTH

9:30 - COUNT " "

12/26/10 SUN. 12:00 - COUNT " "

3:00 - COUNT " "

WENT 2 SLEEP AT 12:00 A.M. SO DON'T KNOW IF P.A. CAME BY,  
NOR DID I. THE 3:00 COUNT C.B. BUT ASSUME THEY  
DID. THE NUT WAKE ME UP AT 5:20 AFTER BEING UNUS.  
ALLY QUITE SLEEP. SLEPT 200 YESTERDAY AFTER NOON.

4:00 a.m.

5:00 a.m.

2 - SEC. 6:05 a.m. CHOW

2 - SEC. 6:25 a.m. TRAY PICK-UP

REL.

9:36 a.m. RIC. RETURN BUBBLE

9:37 a.m. LT. WALKED

10:05 a.m. COUNT - DRIVE-BY

10:38 a.m. CHOW/ICE I ASKED 20 IF THEY HADN'T DOWN 4 TRAY AT  
10:30? HE CHECKED + SAID HE'LL BRING IT AFTER  
COUNT CLEARS.

11:30 a.m. CO'S BROUGHT PHONE

11:45 a.m. COMPLETED CALL + ROLLED PH. CART OUT N HALLWAY

11:50 a.m. TRAY PICK-UP

2:13 a.m. SHARPS, I ASKED 4 A RAZOR + PENCIL SHARPENER.  
CO SAID 21 HADN'T, BUT HE'LL GET IT 2 AM LATER

3:43 a.m. COUNT + CHOW/ICE

5:00 p.m. TRAY PICK-UP

5:30 p.m. PA BRING-BY

8:00 p.m. COUNT

9:30 " "

11:30 THE NUT STARTED UP AGAIN, I WENT 2 BED A 9:30 PM.



12-27-10	MON.
2-SEC.	12:00 a.m. COUNT DRIVE-BY (BACK + FORTH)
2-SEC.	3:00 a.m. COUNT DRIVE-BY (BACK + FORTH)
2-SEC.	4:00 P.A. WENT 2 #6, BACK + FORTH
2-SEC.	5:00 a.m. COUNT BACK + FORTH
2-SEC.	6:27 a.m. CHOW / I TOLD C.O. PUT ME DOWN + REC.
2-SEC.	6:48 a.m. TRAY PICK-UP
1-MIN.	7:30 a.m. REC. (BACK YARD - OUTSIDE)
1-MIN.	9:30 a.m. RETURN FROM REC.
4-SEC.	10:50 a.m. CHOW / ICE
2-SEC.	11:33 a.m. TRAY - PICK-UP
	1:30 P.M. [COUNSELOR + C.O. BROUGHT LEGAL MAIL FINALLY. CH TOLD ME 2 "SIGN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LEG BOOK.
	2:00 P.M. A C.O., LT. + FAT GUY IN SUITE DID A DRIVE-BY.
	3:00 P.M. 2 C.O.'S PUT RETURNED LAUNDRY BAGS ON OUT SIDE DOOR HANDLE.
4-SEC.	4:06 P.M. CHOW / ICE / COUNT / C.O. PUT LAUNDRY BAGS IN MY SALLY PORT. C.O. GUYS SAID, "I SPARE W/ FASTER + TOLD ME I DON'T MAKE SILVERFEIN AN ORDERLY. HE MAKE A GOOD ONE. FOSTER SAID HE'S SUPPOSEDLY WORKING ON IT + IT MAY BE SOON.
2-SEC.	5:06 TRAY PICK-UP
" "	5:34 - WH. DRIVE-BY BACK + FORTH
" "	8:00 P.M. COUNT
	9:30 P.M. COUNT
12-28-10	
2-SEC.	12:00 a.m. COUNT
" "	3:00 a.m. COUNT
" "	4:29 P.A. DRIVE-BY
" "	5:00 a.m. COUNT - DRIVE-BY
" "	6:06 CHOW / NA REC. DAY / SALLY PORT
" "	6:30 TRAY PICK-UP
" "	10:40 CHOW / ICE
" "	11:15 - COUNSELOR PICKED. WD MAIL THAT I HAD SE UNDER MY DOOR THIS AM. AT BREAKFAST.
" "	11:35 - TRAY PICK-UP
" REALLY	3:15 - SANITATION. I ASKED 4 TOILET BRUSH, CLEANER + SPRAY BOTTLE.
4-SEC.	3:57 - CHOW / ICE / C.O. GUYS SHAK HIS HEAD + SAID "THI GUY! MEANING #3. BUT HE WAS YELLING.
2-SEC.	5:20 TRAY PICK-UP
2-SEC.	8:00 COUNT DRIVE-BY - BACK + FORTH
2-SEC.	9:30 COUNT " " " "
12-29-10	
2-SEC.	12:00 a.m. COUNT " " " "
2-SEC.	3:00 a.m. COUNT " " " "
2-SEC.	5:03 a.m. COUNT + PA " "

12-29-10 WED.

2-SEC. 6:11 CHOW / "REC." REQUEST

" " 6:25 TRAY PICK-UP

" " 6:43 LIBRARY C.O.'S PAST OUT &amp; PICKED UP BOOKS, MAG'S THAT SOME GUYS ORDERED THIS WK. NOT M.

\* 10-SEC'S 7:02 COUNTESSA PICKED UP MAIL. I ASKED 4 A B.P.B SINCE THEY ONLY ALLOW US 1 BOOK OF STAMPS NEW 2.

1-MIN. 7:33 REC.

1-MIN. 10:00 RETURN FROM REC.

4-SEC. 10:35 CHOW/ICE

30-SEC. 11:50 TRAY PICK-UP. I ASKED 2 USE LAW LIBRARY, WHICH 1 FOLK'S WALKED BUT DIDN'T COM. IT WAS A MALE + FEMALE VOICE TALKING 2 EACH OTHER. NO PRISONERS.

30-SEC. 2:45 RETURN FROM LAW LIBRARY. SHARPS - RAZOR

6-SEC. 3:25 CHOW/ICE/LAUNDRY/NEWS PAPER

8-SEC. 4:27 TRAY PICK-UP, RAZOR, NEWS PAPER, + PAST OUT MAIL. I TOLD GUYS I COULDN'T HEAR THE DOOR OPEN DU 2 ALL THE NOISE (FROM #3) + HE SAID "I KNOW." USUALLY HEAR EM COMING + HOLD MY TRAY OUT 4 THEM 2 JUST GO WHEN THEY PASS, BUT WAS AT MY DESK WRITING AT ALL.

2-SEC. 5:25 C.O. PICKED UP TRASH

8:00 COUNT BACK + FORTH

9:30 " " "

12-30-10 12:00 " " "

3:00 " " "

5:00 COUNT/PA

6:10 CHOW/"REC." REQUEST

6:21 TRAY PICK-UP / NEWS PAPER. THE C.O. HOLDS UP PA. + I NOD YES. THEN HE PUSHES IT THROUGH TRAY SLOT.

1-MIN 7:39 REC. C.O. ASKED IF I WANTED INSIDE OR OUTSIDE. I CHOOSE INSIDE.

90-SEC. 9:35 RETURN REC. FO. ASKED IF I WAS SCHEDULED 4 A CALL TOM. I TOLD HER "NO. I SIGNED UP 4 LAW LIBRARY." SHE SAID "WHAT TIME?" "AFTER LUNCH."

4-SEC. 10:35 CHOW/ICE

30-SEC. 12:00 NOON TRAY PICK-UP / NEWS PAPER. I ASKED C.O. IF I CAN USE THE LAW LIBRARY? SHE SAID AFTER THEY PICK UP TRAYS. THEN THEY CAME BACK 2 GET ME.

30-SEC. 2:10 PM. THEY CAME + GOT ME FROM LAW LIBRARY.

2:50 PM. THE SHIRK 20MN CAME 2 C#3. I SUSPECT COX CALLED HIM. HE ONLY TALKED A COUPLE MIN'S + LEFT. I'D LOVE 2 READ HIS REPORT SINCE WHAT #3 WAS SAYIN' MADE NO SENSE AT ALL. I SUSPECT HE'LL SAY HE WAS CALLED IN + CHECKED IT OUT + ALL'S FINE. 2M

5-SEC. 3:35 P.M. CHOW/ICE/MAIL/COUNT

2-SEC. 4:35 PM. TRAY PICK-UP

2-SEC. 5:49 PM. MA + 2 C.O.'S DID DRIVE-BY BACK + FORTH

8:00 PM. COUNT DRIVE-BY

9:30 PM. COUNT DRIVE-BY

12-31-10 12:00 a.m. COUNT

1:30 a.m. #3 STARTED YELLING + WAKE ME UP. I WENT 2 BED AT 9:30M

4:21 a.m. P.A. + CO. DRIVE-BY. BACK + FORTH

12-31-10 FRI.

2-SEC. 4:21 a.m. RA

2-SEC. 5:05 a.m. COUNT

2-SEC. 6:23 CHOW

3-SEC. 6:35 TRAY PICK-UP / NEWS PAPER (GO SAID "I'M GETTING RID OF HIM" (#3))

3-SEC. 9:00 REC. C.W.'S PAST OUT CONTEST WINS.

2-SEC. 10:00 a.m. COUNT

2-SEC. 10:46 a.m. CHOW / NEWS PAPER

30-SEC. 11:52 - LAW LIBRARY / TRAY PICK-UP / NEWS PAPER

30-SEC. 11:15 AM. RETURN FROM LAW LIBRARY

3-SEC. 2:35 PM. SHARPS - RAZOR. CO. DIDN'T ASK, NOR DID I, HE JUST SLID IT UNDER MY DOOR SINCE I ALWAYS GET A RAZOR.

4:38 PM. CHOW / ICE / GUFF SAID "I BETTER HOPE U DON'T GO 2 HIS CELL'S NEXT."

6:00 PM. DRIVE-BY

8:00 PM. COUNT

9:30 PM. COUNT

11:27 PM. THE NUT STARTED UP. I WENT 2 BED AT 8:30 PM. + UP AT 11:27.

1-1-11 SA

2-SEC. 12:00 a.m. COUNT

2-SEC. 3:00 a.m. COUNT

2-SEC. 4:48 PM. DRIVE-BY

5:10 a.m. COUNT

2-SEC. 6:05 a.m. CHOW / REC.

2-SEC. 6:20 a.m. TRAY PICK-UP

1-MIN. 7:40 a.m. REC.

1-MIN. 9:40 a.m. RETURN FROM REC.

4-SEC. 11:0 a.m. CHOW / ICE I ASKED 2 GO 2 LAW LIBRARY.

30-SEC. 12:00 AM. GO 2 LAW LIBRARY

30-SEC. 2:28 PM. RETURN FROM LAW LIBRARY

2-SEC. 4:00 PM. COUNT

4-SEC. 4:30 P.M. CHOW / ICE THEY GAVE US A 13PG LUNCH, 28 A TRAY PICK-UP

3-SEC. 5:00 P.M. PAST OUT TIP. I SAID "3" ROLLS.

2-SEC. 6:00 P.M. PA DRIVE-BY

2-SEC. 8:00 P.M. COUNT " "

2-SEC. 9:30 P.M. COUNT " "

1-2-11 SA

2-SEC. 12:00 a.m. COUNT DRIVE-BY

2-SEC. 3:00 a.m. COUNT DRIVE-BY

2-SEC. 4:58 PM / COUNT DRIVE-BY

2-SEC. 6:05 AM. CHOW / NO REC. DAY. NUT STARTS SINGING. JUST THE THING ONE'S LIKES 2 HEAR WHEN U FIRST WAKE UP 2 START YOUR DAY ON THE RIGHT FOOT. NOT

1-2-10 SUN.

4 THE LAST FEW DAYS SOMEONE ON ANOTHER TIER STARTS YELLING BY 6:00 A.M. A YARD LONGED "RECEIVED REC. CALL" LIKE YARD HAS USED 2 DE ON A - LOWER.

2-SEC. 6:30 A.M. TRAY PICK-UP

2-SEC. 7:45 A.M. C.O.'S BROUGHT PHONE 2 #5.

2-SEC. 8:15 A.M. C.O.'S CAME + GOT PHONE PART.

4-SEC. 10:00 A.M. CHOW / COUNT / ICE

2-SEC. 10:35 A.M. TRAY PICK-UP

40-SEC. 3:35 P.M. PICKED UP LAUNDRY, PASSED OUT HEALTH + COM-  
FORT (SUPPLIES)

2-SEC. 5:00 P.M. PICKED UP TRAYS

2-SEC. 6:20 P.M. PA DRIVE-BY

2-SEC. 8:00 P.M. COUNT " "

2-SEC. 9:30 P.M. COUNT " "

1-3-11 MON. 12:00 A.M. COUNT " "

2-SEC. 3:00 A.M. COUNT " "

3:20 A.M. THE NUT STARTS UP

2-SEC. 4:05 A.M. PA + C.O. DRIVE-BY

2-SEC. 5:00 A.M. COUNT " "

2-SEC. 6:20 A.M. CHOW / REC. / PUT OUT MAIL

2-SEC. 6:35 A.M. COMMISSARY C.O.'S PUT BAGS IN FRONT OF  
THE DOOR'S WHO WENT 2 STORE THIS WEEK.

2-SEC. 6:43 A.M. TRAY PICK-UP

40-SEC. 7:22 A.M. COMMISSARY DELIVERED HE SAID I HAD ONLY ALLOWED  
\$8:00 WORTH OF SPAM +  
STAMPS 2 GET 30 FIVE \$ STAMPS + 30 ONE \$ STAMPS.

7:54 REC.

30-SEC. 10:00 A.M. RETURN FROM REC. BUBBLE

10-SEC. 11:30 A.M. CHOW / ICE THE C.O. GAVE ME 2 COLD TRAYS + #2  
2 HOT TRAYS, SO I CALLED HIM BACK  
+ STAMMED EM. HE GOT ME HOT ONE BACK - ASKED IF  
I WANTED A NEW ONE, I DECLINED.

2-SEC. 12:15 P.M. TRAY PICK-UP.

30-SEC. 1:15 P.M. FASTED, BROUGHT LEGAL MAIL. + SAID I HAVE A LOT OF  
MAIL HE NEEDS 2 PICK UP Cuz MY SISTERSON HASNT BEEN HERE

4-SEC. 2:30 P.M. C.O.'S PUT LAUNDRY BAGS ON RAIL DECK.

2-SEC. 4:00 P.M. CHOW / ICE / LAUNDRY

2-SEC. 5:30 P.M. TRAY PICK-UP

2-SEC. 7:13 P.M. PA

2-SEC. 8:00 P.M. COUNT DRIVE-BY

2-SEC. 9:30 P.M. " " "

1-4-11 TUES 12:00 A.M. " " "

1:00 A.M. THE NUT STARTED UP + GOT PROGRESSIVELY  
LOUDER + MORE HOSTILE UNTIL 1:40 HE WAS YELLING  
OUT ON 2 THE TIER, RATTING HIS BARS, WHICH IS VERY  
NOISEY ESPECIALLY AT 1:40 A.M. THE C.O. CAME + ASKED WHAT'S WRONG  
HE SAID "NUT" THEN MY BLACK DICK WHITE BOY. I KILLED WHITE - CRACKER  
COPS IN NEW YORK ETC. HE WENT ON SEVERAL MIN + THE C.O. SAID "U  
AIN'T SHIT" A FEW TIMES + LEFT. O LIKE U